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GLIMPSES
OF
Hoosierdom



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GLYMPSES
OF
HOOSIERDOM.

BY
DEAMOR R. DRAKE.
"

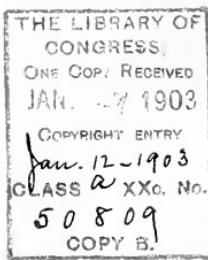
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D.R. Sept. 16, 1930

DEDICATION.

*Lovingly Dedicated to
My Dear
M O T H E R ,
To whose many words of
CHEER and PRAISE
I am indebted for much
of my success.*

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

A natural desire to see the children of my fancy in a collected form, and a hope to so possess them might be a source of benefit and pleasure to others, are my main reasons for publishing this volume of poems.

It is entitled "GLIMPSES OF HOOSIERDOM" because it consists of pen pictures of people I have met, of scenes dear to my heart, and of fancies which came to my mind during the leisure moments of my boyhood days in Indiana.

Many of these poems are imperfect, being products of immature years, but I have refrained from correcting them because I realized that any effective revision would really mean the substitution of new poems for old ones; a change which for several reasons I would be very sorry to make. I prefer to present them to you without any veneering and without any claim of their being more than simple pictures of an humble life, and if you find that they contain any sunshine for a rainy day, or sympathy for a time of sorrow, I will feel amply

repaid for my work in composing and arranging them.

With these words of introduction I beg to submit this volume to you, with the hope that you will be lenient in your criticisms, and that you will find sufficient pleasure in its contents to repay your examination.

THE AUTHOR.

•◀ C O N T E N T S . ▶•

	PAGE
All Right In The End.....	36
About Thanksgivin' Time.....	137
Away Back There.....	159
Alumni Poem.....	210
Address To Hope.....	262
 Backwoods View of the Farm, A.....	 96
Blues' Cure, A.....	115
Battle of The Corn, The.....	127
Boyhood.....	153
Brownies.....	139
Brown's Raisin'.....	162
Beyond The Sky.....	216
Brother Jim.....	214
 City of The Dead, The.....	 54
Country Chimes.....	73
Cider Mill, The.....	63
Cow-Punkin Pie.....	102
Cleanin' Out, A.....	108
City Boy, The.....	148
Country Chime, A.....	168
Chime of Death, A.....	244
 Dream of Youth, A.....	 52
Dream, A.....	67
Dirge, A.....	152
Down at The Club With The Boys.....	260
 Ef I Wuz Uncle Sam	 199
Faces I See In My Dreams.....	264
Fallin' Out, A.....	87
Friendly Call, A.....	156
For Thee. My Love, For Thee.....	232

	PAGE
First Love	261
Goat Tale, A.	155
Grandpa's Asleep	169
Give Me Yer Hand	192
Getting More Like Yer Ma Every Day	246
 Hoosierdom	17
How I Sold The Farm	27
Huckleberry Time	99
Hoosiér, The	85
Hoosier Philosophy	65
Happy Heart, The	105
Help Your Brother Up	151
 In Youth's Time	111
Jingle From The Farm	171
Ketchin' Santa Claus	48
Katy Did	172
Lot Behind The Barn, The	77
Like Mother Usto Sing	94
'Lectric Line, The	135
Like Father Usto Do	117
Liza Jane Lamb	158
Life's Lesson	187
Love's Way	202
Lida Wuz Goin' Away	185
Last Good-Bye, A	217
Lines on The Death of a Pet Cat	221
Little Find Out	224
Looking at Me	228
Las' Chris'mus	203
Laugh a Little	234
Lost Hope	226
Lightning Hill	265
 March	46
My Spellin' Book	75
Mother's Eighty-three	104
My Love	123

	PAGE
Maine, The.....	143
Magleen and I	160
Melodeun, The.....	165
My Clock.....	176
My First Pants	212
My Childhood's Home.....	219
Mother's Kitchen.....	235
My Bohemian Friend.....	250
My Fiddle.....	248
Man Without a Home, A.....	258
 Neuralgia, The.....	93
Napoleon Bonaparte.....	179
 Ol' Fashioned Loves.....	21
Old Dinner Bell, The.....	58
Ol' Bayoo, The	83
On New Year's Eve	106
Ol' Settler's Meeting	109
Old Tureen, The.....	149
On The Road.....	181
 Pansy, The.....	68
Poet's Dilemma, The.....	125
Parson's Wife, The.....	183
Pioneers of LaGrange, The.....	230
 Rain Storm, The.....	24
Ride at Night, The.....	33
Rheumatiz', The.....	59
Rhyme of the Wheel	70
Rain Drops, The.....	223
 Songster, The.....	26
St2ke-An'-Rider Fence, A.....	37
Some Day.....	50
Snow Storm.....	112
She'll Not Be With You Always.....	141
She Will Love You Just The Same.....	142
Since The Earthquake Struck Us.....	147
Spring	156
Sunny Month of June, The.....	191

	PAGE
Summer Breezes.....	150
Sleep, Heroes, Sleep.....	241
Sam	254
Thinking Machine, The.....	89
Two Eighties, The.....	39
Thinkin' On It Now.....	56
To a Photograph.....	122
Thet Ol' Sorr'l Hoss o' Mine.....	119
Two Roads, The.....	129
To Go a Coonin'	194
Voices I Hear in The Night.....	131
Vision of Life, A.....	208
When The Gold Is On The Wheat.....	101
Why I Joined The Lodge	144
When The Crows Kick Up The Corn.....	198
Wake Not The Sleeper	174
Why I Take The Journal.....	205
When It Comes Around Home.....	237
When God Forgets.....	253
You'll Hev to Get Up Airly.....	79
Youth and Age.....	164

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Deamor R. Drake,	Frontispiece
When you see the sweet face of an ol'-fashioned love	20
Got up all of the sheep an' the calves an' the cow	24
A bugle blast called us to arms	32
Tom and Sue	39
March ,	46
And the creek with its banks so green	52
An' she might a married Jim	56
Behind it was the medder thet the river flowed around	62
Among the garden's treasures seem so blest	67
Scorching over highways, coasting down the hills	70
I hafto study stiddy er my eyes'll get so blurry	75
Jes' roars along the sand-bar an' around the further side	82
Peace	87
The Parson sez, sez he	94
The joys of being rich	98
I've heard 'em say that city folks has everything so fine	102
And Cousin Hetty dancing around with good old-fashioned grace . . .	106
Jes' you watch 'em ez they hunt around to find a shady tree . . .	109
Then whistle the dog up an' take my gun	114
And drove the cows to water	117
You couldn't swap him even fer thet ol' sorr'l horse of mine : . . .	119
There lies the eloquence, the mimicry of nature's rarest huses . . .	122
You have some wond'rous song to sing? Away! I know thee well . .	125
In the distance ahead on this road you can see, what you think is a symbol of glory to be	129
Fer we'll soon hev a 'Lectric car line right through LaGrange . . .	134
An' get in circles—dance an' sing	139
An' so I joined the Lodge, Matilda, got the papers too	144
He's just a little feller, but we miss him when he's gone	148
Have you seen anything of my Boyhood? It's gone astray	153
Sed he liked me, an' I like him	156

	PAGE
True love we all but seen	160
Get out the ol' melodeun, hunt up the songs we sang	165
The calf's a doin' well	168
The joys he hoped for ne'er can be, he loves alone'	174
Napoleon Bonaparte	179
A sweeter face I never see	183
His kind hand will guide us o'er the way ahead into a better land . .	187
I'd as soon roll in the flowers in the sunny month o' June	190
I'd give my hair a saucer cut	199
I was thinking, she was swinging	202
A vision of life	208
My first big pair of pants	212
We'll hail returning Cupid's Dream	217
Poor Jim	222
Tabby's on my arm	224
While she is looking at me	228
Thy love which lights my way	232
Ez if I wuz a toddler away back there	235
But sweeter sounds the name of "Boys in Blue,"	240
To simply know a soul so fair	244
Usto hev a violin	248
First love to me is sweetest and most blest	251
An' play ever' day in the blossoms an' leaves	254
Adrift upon a wide and angry sea	258
Address to Hope	262
Down ol' Lightning Hill	265





Yours truly,
Wearnor R. Drake,

HOOSIERDOM.

Let's sing a song of Hoosierdom,
The land where we were born,
Where golden sunshine falls upon
The waving wheat and corn,
And breezes gently sighing o'er
The fields and meadows green,
Waft all the sorrows far away
Which passing days have seen.
With hearts as light and faces bright,
Though far from you we roam,
Our thoughts turn back to you to-night,
Dear Indiana home !

Let's sing a song of Hoosierdom,
Of our dear native state,
And measure all the good it's done,
Its boundaries wise and great.
Its name upon the pages of
The hist'ry of our land
Is shining with a glory which
Few rivals can command,
And burnished even brighter
Will a coming page proclaim
In ranks of science, art, and wealth,
Its ever honored name.

Let's sing a song of Hoosierdom,
And of the dear old farm—
The sun, which we in childhood knew,
Is shining just as warm.
The birds are in the orchard trees,
The vine is o'er the door,
The stranger shares our humble fare
As freely as of yore ;
The golden tie of friendship binds
The country and the town,
And nature's face is smiling as
She hands her blessings down.

Let's sing a song of Hoosierdom
And let the chorus rise
From every heart which claims its joys—
We'll laud it to the skies !
That all the world may know its worth,
And knowing, prize aright,
The stalwart man and woman-hood ;
Its glory and its might.
Go on, dear Indiana State,
'Till all your praise shall sing,
Within our loving hearts to-night,
We'll crown you as our King !







When you see the sweet face of an ol' fashioned love.

(20)

OL'-FASHIONED LOVES.

These ol'-fashioned loves ain't so stylish, I know,
But somehow I can't keep from likin' 'em though,
The sunshine or shade make no difference at all;
Ez sweet in the Spring ez they air in the Fall;
The wind er the rain never wears 'em away.
These ol'-fashioned loves air the best ones, I say.

Sorto faded, an' wrinkled, an' trembly, an' gray,
With a-kind-of-a-happy-go-lucky-like way.
Come a moseyin' up from—you never know where—
You 'es' seem to wake up an' they're standin' right there,
Sorto laughin' an' holdin' tight on to yer hand,
An' yer heart air a talkin' 'till you understand.

Of'en times they come peekin' 'round, say of a spell
When yer heart's runnin' over—with whut, you can't tell.
Come around with a smile like yer wantin' to see,
From a fer away land whur you're longin' to be,
An' they set yer eyes leakin' with joys that you've found
In them ol'-fashioned loves that air peekin' around;

Fer it's likely they've painted a picture fer you
Of a friend thet you loved, who wuz tender and true.
Of the day you wuz wed in the church on the hill,
Er the grave whur you parted so lonely an' still
With the willers a weepin' an' paintin' above,
When you see the sweet face of an ol'-fashioned love.

Maybe carried you back with 'em, happy an' pore,
Whur the rosies an' holly-hocks bloomed by the door,

An' yer father set tilted up back in his chair,
An' you layin' so thin like an' faint over there,
With yer mother long side of you talkin away,
Er a singin' some song in an' ol'-fashioned way.

Else they tuck down the fiddle an' rosemed the bow,
An' then played you some camp-meetin' song, sorto slow,
Er "The Arkansaw Travel'r," er "Ol' Zib Coon,"
'Till yer heart sorto wound itself up in the tune,
An' yer mind which-an'-tethered-yer feet on the go,
Like they ust cut capers around, don't you know?

Er gassed with you off an on, say of a spot,
Thet somehow er other you've never fergot.
They say the ol' saw-mill ain't there any more,
The town reaches back whur the woods wuz afore,
The cricks all dried up—makes it harder fer us,
To cry jes' to think thet things ain't like they wuz.

An' they say thet the Jonses lives on the old farm,
Hev tore down the log cabin, so home-like an' warm,
Thet Bill White's moved to town, his boy Jim runs the store,
An' thet "'Squire" has been dead fer ten years now er more,
Thet the Deacon's boy Jim married Spoopendyke's gel,
An' thet sneekin' John Smith has turned out purty well.

So they whisper to us of the ol' long ago,
Of the things thet air changing which we ust know,
Sometimes in the breezes which seem to blow straight
From the rosies thet bloomed by the ol' wooden gate,
Er perhaps in the rhyme of an ol' fashioned poem,
Er the faint, lovin' lines of a letter from home.

It may be they hev come to you some sich a way,
From some place whur the past is a stretchin' away,
An' yer heart keeps a turnin' an' wantin to go,
An' shake hands with the pleasures thet it uso to know,
An' stay there awhile so's a feller could take
A good look around jes' fer ol' fashion's sake.

O them ol' fashioned loves of an ol' fashioned day,
With their kind-of-a-happy-go-lucky-like way.
Though, ez I wuz a sayin' there's no style about 'em,
Still I don't see how I'd pull through without 'em ;
Ruther wish, if you never could like 'em yerself,
I could take 'em along when I'm laid on the shelf.



THE RAIN STORM.

I wuz plowin' away in the medder lot there,
Fer a corn crop, er wheat ; I ferget, I declare.
But the ground, I remember, was terrible dry,
An' the stones wuz so thick an' the stumps so blamed high,
With the hornets so sassy and hosses fagged out,



Got up all of the sheep an' the calves an' the cow
An' a hot enough sun fer to roast me, about ;
It's no wonder, although I'm a Methodist still,
Thet I swore 'fore I thought ez I clumb up the hill.

Tuck a drink from the spring, ez I laid down the cup,
W'y I saw in the West 'twas a cloudin' all up.
When the sky gits so black an' its sultry an' warm,
It's a purty good sign of a whoppin' big storm,

An' there's one thing I hate—bein' caught in a rain,
So unhitched the ol' hosses an' drove up the lane,
Got 'em tied in the barn jes' ez quick ez I could,
An' run up to the house with an armload of wood.

I let down ever' winder an' shet all the doors,
Put the pipe in the cistern an' done up the chores ;
Got up all of the sheep an' the calves an' the cow,
Filled their mangers chuck full of new hay, from the mow,
I shelled corn fer the turkeys, an' watered the hens,
An' I shet the young ducks in the chicken-coop pens,
Then I slopped all the pigs—tuck my pipe an' a chair,
An' went out on the porch fer to watch her from there.

Well, she blowed some an' blustered among the ol' trees,
An' she histed the top off the new swarm of bees,
Then she slammed the big door of the wagon-shed back,
An' she yanked the cap sheaves off the biggest wheat stack,
Strung the things which an' t'other all over the yard ;
It had been quite a spell since the wind blowed ez hard,
But I never have yet felt so down in the mouth,
Ez I did when the rain went around to the South !



THE SONGSTER.

A songster sits in a friendly tree,
And proudly sings a song in glee ;
In anger from the casement near,
I pause his melody to hear,

And bid him cease his tuneful lay,
For in my soul is grief to-day;
A grief that rends my heart in twain,
A grief that seems an endless pain.

But still he carols in his tree,
Nor heeds the angry words from me.
What is it tunes his happy lay?
Why is his heart so light to-day?

'Tis not the sun—for many hours
Dark clouds have hidden all his bowers,
While lo ! upon the grass below
His mate lies dead—*a grief I know !*

And yet he sings ! What is the art
That teaches song to aching heart ?
Ah ! on that bough a wee nest swings,
And in it forms which solace brings !

This is thy secret—thanks to thee
Sweet songster for thy melody ;
No grief is there, e'en death no sting,
But what leaves hope of which to sing.

HOW I SOLD THE FARM.

I'd kinda got discouraged some last year along in Fall,
Fer nothin' went to suit me even when it went at all.
We hadn't had much poorer crops since we'd been livin' here;
The corn wuz nigh all fodder, with jes' now an' then an ear,
The wheat wuz mostly winter-killed, a dry spell tuck the
rest,

I'd jes' a barrel of apples when I'd sorted out the best,
The clover wuzn't high enough to kiver up the ground,
An' punkins, oats an' taters wuz a failure all around.
With other things about the same 'twas plain enough to see,
Thet ef my farm panned out like that, 'twas not the place
fer me.

We had enough of corn an' wheat we'd carried the year
before,

To keep us through the Winter an' perhaps a little more,
An' I'd hev got contented an' fergot the crops had spiled,
Ef other things had not turned up to keep my feelings riled;
A good ol'-fashioned storm came 'long an' spilt a rick
of hay,

Our cow fergot to chew her cud, er died some sich a way,
I got the rheumatism an' thet kept me down a spell,
An' ever' thing seemed goin' wrong when I at last got well,
'Twuz jes' as all the Winter—things went wrong er else
they'd stop,

There wuzn't no forgettin' thet I'd lost the season's crop.
I kept a thinkin' on it all jes' ever' now an' then,
It seemed thet there wuz nothin' much provokin' fer men,
Than workin' hard all Summer, purty nigh on ever' day,
An' plannin' on a savin' somethin' they could lay away,

An' then to hev to lose it all. It didn't look jes' right,
I kept a thinkin' on it till I couldn't sleep at night.
An' then I tuck to plannin' on the things I thought would
pay

Me more than jes' a farmin' an' dependin' ever' day,
On havin' weathers work jes' right to pull a feller through.
I thought of lots of other things I b'lieved I'd ruther do.
I recollecterd Henderson, a neighbor here by me,
Fer twenty year, an' then sold out ez lucky ez could be,
An' bought a lot in Passon, wuz a livin' down there yet,
An' makin' money too they said—I wuzn't sure of that,
But thought ef he could do so well there wuz a chance
fer me,

Fer I could git some office sich ez Squire er Jedge, maybe,
An' even ef I couldn't I would ruther live in town,
Than stay out here a slavin' an' a losin' all aroun'.
So thinkin' on it that-a-way, I jes' made up my mind,
I'd move down there to Posson, leave this run-down farm
behind.

One mornin' in the Springtime 'long before the rest wuz up,
I hunted up a shingle, mixed some paint up in a cup,
An' jes' writ on it these two words, "Fer Sail," ez plain's
could be,

An' nailed it by the front gate on the Spitzenberger tree.
Thinks I, I'll jes' step out an' see ef she looks right er
wrong,

To any chap who wants a farm an' might be drivin' 'long.
I figered out the spellin' an' it hung right out in sight,
But some way er another didn't seem to look jes' right.
F-e-r, fer, s-a-i-l, jes' like it orto be!

Don't need my name, I reckon, fer most ever' one knows me,

There's nothin' wrong! Well, now, suppose some feller
should come by,

An' ask, "How many acres?" "There air eighty here,"
sez I.

"Good land?" sez he. "You bet!" sez I. An then sez
he, "About—

About how much an acre would it take to buy you out?"
Thets' whut I want; the price an acre! Well, jes' let me see.
The ol' back forty's worth about twelve hundred now to me.
The medder there would never bring much over twenty-five.
The summer-foller orto fetch nigh on to fifty, I've
Raised over forty bushels there when it's a likely season,
I thinks, then all at once I stopped. I'll tell you jes' the
reason.

Had figured up until I struck the stake-an' rider fence
Fernent the barn, looked up its gable ends, I'd loved so since
I wuz a lad, the loft whur swalllers allers build a nest,
An' clover sticks among the rafters. Usto like to rest,
There of a noonin'! An' the ol' house standin' 'mongst
the trees,

With red upon its winders an' its chimneys an' its eaves.
I saw the lialocks Mother planted—kind I've heard her tell
She loved so much, a bloomin' 'round windlass at the well.
The orchard Father started when he cleared the place
up here,

The Russets, Spitzenbergers, Northern Spies an' "Golden
Tear."

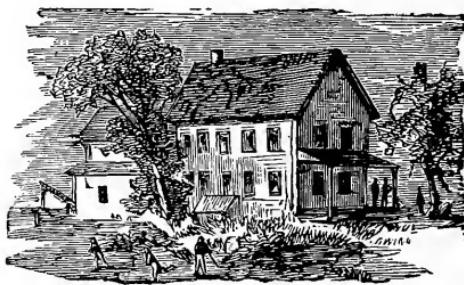
An' down along the garden fence there stood a willer tree,
A weepin' fer the parunts who wuz all the world to me.
An' underneath it I could see their tombstones, only two,

An' thought of when they whispered, "We will leave
the farm to you!"

It set my heart a jumpin' an' romancin' 'round inside,
Jes' like the day they left us an' I set down there an' cried.
There's nary man with money 'nough to buy it—I'll be blest!
Thet little spot down yonder, sayin' nothin' of the rest.
When I come to myself again, the sun wuz up an' more,
The birds wuz singin' sweeter than they'd ever sung before;
I tuck the shingle down an' hid it by the garden fence,
It's back there now. I reckon, fer I've never touched it
since.

Jes' orto see the oats an' wheat out in the gran'ry now,
The 'taters in the cellar an' the clover in the mow.
An' myrtle on the monument beneath the willer tree;
The ol' folks air a sleepin' now ez happy ez kin be!
An' when the weather ain't jes' right; too chilly like er
warm,

It allus cures the blues to think of how I sold the farm.





A bugle blast called us to arms.

(32)

THE RIDE AT NIGHT.

The night had come down from the mountains,
And spread o'er the lines of our camp,
From the center of tents to their border,
Came no sound but the sentinel's tramp.

The mist had come up from the meadows,
And settled in rain on the hills ;
It dripped from the leaves in the wood-lands,
And echoed its song in the rills.

The boys were all weary with marching ;
Save those who the watches must keep,
In their tents or beside them were lying,
Our army of soldiers, asleep.

The stillness was suddenly broken ;
A bugle blast called us to arms !
And up with no murmuring spoken,
And out, with no burst of alarms.

In companies quickly they gathered,
As voices commanding they heard,
These comrades whose hearts never faltered,
At calling of duty's stern word.

A dozen were chosen and ordered
To mount their best horse for a ride,
The Captain was first and we followed,
To glory or death by his side.

Then out on the highway we galloped,
Our duty we heard as we sped ;

A message our brave Captain carried,
For a camp in the mountains ahead.

And nothing but death should delay us,
All pity and fear must be scorned,
'Til the twenty miles lying before us,
Were passed and the regiment warned.

On! On! Through the fear breathing darkness,
On! On! Through the fog and the rain,
Only broken by flashes of lightning,
Which ended in darkness again.

On! Down by the river's bank trembling,
'Neath our galloping steed's heavy tread,
Up hills with the branches o'er bending,
We followed our Captain ahead.

'Til many well-mounted companions,
Were left in the lengthening race,
One by one on the dark road behind us—
Only five kept the furious pace!

A sentinel challenged our passage,
From his post in the bushes near by,
Then fired at random upon us—
A shout was our only reply!

On! Down to a bend of the river,
Along by a high-towering hedge,
Then a crash, and without any rider,
Young Badger's horse dashed on the bridge.

"Save him for the last!" cried the Captain,
Looking back as we rode up the hill,

Only four with three wide gaps between them,
I saw as the lightning shone still.

We entered the dim darkened forest,
And turned at the forks to ride on,
An alert squad of riflemen greet us,
And two of our comrades are gone.

'Twas but a mile further, the Captain's
Fine horse dropped behind me in pain,
I stopped for the message, then swiftly
Rode on through the darkness and rain.

And now far ahead lay the glimmer,
Of the threatened camp-fires aglow.
The goal—with a strap for the winner !
I pat my poor horse as we go.

But blood on my hand as I stroked him,
Told the end of his struggles was near,
He stumbled and fell, and beneath him
I lay with the message so dear.

And so near to the end of our journey,
Yet so far with the warning of cheer.
My God, have I fulfilled my duty ?
O the shame to lie helplessly here !

But *hark!* Listen ! There comes a rider—
'Tis the Captain on Badger's strong bay !
The message I gave as he passed me,
And cheered as he galloped away !

The echoes grew faint up the river,
And another day dawned on the land.
To Him who of all good's the giver,

I prayed for the death-threatened band.
Ere long in the distance I heard it,
Their thanksgiving, sky-rending cheer,
To brave boys in blue lying dead by the way,
And the enemy gathering near.
Just one of a dozen to carry
The news to the camp on the hill!
Go, war, with your terrible fury!
Come, Peace, bid its voices be still!

—————[o]————

ALL RIGHT IN THE END.

So often as we journey on this life,
It seems the greater part of it is woe;
We see no reason in the sea of strife,
Which meets our wandering gaze where'er we go.
A stranger, we may roam in foreign climes,
Without a shelter, without food or friend.
Hope on! We'll yet see brighter times,
And everything be all right in the end.
Of't times we think that life has lost its charm,
When friends are false or fortune turns away,
When sin and sorrow, walking hand in hand,
Seem with their woes to darken all the day.
Or when e'en God seems stranger to our need,
And leaves us without comfort or a friend,
Ne'er fear, our Master all our prayers will heed,
And everything be all right in the end.

A STAKE-AN'-RIDER FENCE.

I argue it's the wisest plan when new idees come 'round,
To go a little keerful 'til you sorto feel yer ground.

Fer there's some ways of doin' things thet's better ez
they be,

An' one's in buildin' fences, er at least thet's my idee.

Fer I've been here nigh forty year an' never yet could see,
But whut a stake-an'-rider fence wuz good enough fer me.

There's one p'int though in which I know it ain't ez good
ez some,

An' thet one is it's shore to ketch the driftin' snows thet
come.

But there's been nary fence made yit but whut had
weak pints in,

An' ez fer makin' one without, there's not a man thet kin.
So when some new sort comes around, why, I jes' let
it be;

An'-eight-rail-stake-an'-rider fence is good enough fer me.

Around the empty lots in town most any kind will do,
Fer they don't hev no critters there to bother, gittin'
through,

But ef you've sich things runnin' loose an' ever raise a
crop,

You want a fence that when they tear up onto it, they
stop!

An' thinkin' on it that-a-way, ez fer ez I can see,
An'-eight-rail-stake-an'-rider fence is good enough fer me.

There's Deacon Featherbush down there, he bought a patent gate,

Thet opened with a hidden spring—"the best in all the State."

One day while haulin' taters through an' settin' on the load,
The thing shet up an' knocked the outfit clean across the road !

Thet's most too handy fer sich chaps ez I am. Yes-sir-ee!
An'-eight-rail-stake-an'-rider fence is good enough fer me.

A feller come here t'other day an' talked with all his might,
About a fence he had fer sale with wires strong an' tight.
He said the folks thet talked like me wuz allus fer behind,
But when I chased him off the place he sorto changed his mind.

Maybe I hadn't orto, but we didn't quite agree ;
I thought a-stake-an'-rider fence wuz good enough fer me.

Ef all my neighbors wan'to they kin hev some other kind,

An' keep on thinkin' them thet don't will get ez fer behind,

An' sayin' "on a run-down farm most any fence will do,
Fer crops like yours would never tempt a starvin' critter through,"

Fer sich idees air no account ez long ez I can see,
An'-eight-rail-stake-an'-rider fence is good enough fer me.



THE TWO EIGHTIES.

They wuz two ez purty eighties ez a feller'd keer to see ;
 One wuz owned by old Dick Jones, an' one belonged to me,
 Layin' there 'longside each other, reachin' from the road,



Tom and Sue.

Back to Thompson's timber lot whur oak an' ellum
 growed.

We wuz proud—ol' Jones an' me—an' had a right to be,
 Ownin' each ez nice an eighty ez a feller'd keer to see !

Ol' Dick Jones an' me had been good friends ez any two,

Allus changed work back an' forth ez neighbors orto do,
Visited on rainy days an' smoked out on the porch,
Often of a Sunday walk together down to church,
Then when Christmas time came 'round, we'd join our
plans you see,
Play ol' Santa turn about, er have a Christmas tree.

My wife Jane an' his wife Bell—you orto seen them two,
Jes' good friends ez ef they wuz both wives and sisters too.
Only trouble 'bout it wuz, ez ol' Jones usto say,
When they hugged an' kissed each other we men had to
keep away.

Even thet wuz right, because Jones wouldn't keer to be,
Around ef by mistake his wife had hugged an' kis-ted me.

Then we had a daughter Sue, a blue eyed little jade,
Usto fetch me water when I rested in the shade,
An' they had an only son, they called him Tom, fer short;
Likely lad an' stiddy too, an' had an honest heart.
Weren't strange thet Tom an' Sue should like each other
some,
Went to school together an' wuz playmates here at home.

When they both growed older, w'y we heard the neigh-
bors say,
They bet them two, our Tom an' Sue, would make a
match some day.

Yes, we ol' folks noticed it, an' knew how it would be,
Lest I never could ferget how Manta Jane caught me.
An' ol' Jones an' his wife Bell—they both see how it wuz,
'Lowed ez how a weddin' wouldn't be no harm to us.

We wuz gittin' old you see an' hadn't long to stay,
Each one had an eighty thet he couldn't take away.
Everything wuz lovely like until one Summer's day,
We two quarreled—ol' Jones an' me; it happened jes'
this way.

We wuz settin' on the fence a gassin' by the barn,
Talkin' sorto friendly like about the wheat an' corn.

When ol' Jones he sez, sez he, unfriendly like, sez he,
"Your line fence needs fixin' twixt the medder lot an' me.
'Thought I'd tell you of it fer yer stock got in last night,
Tramped the wheat down purty bad, an' et up quite a
sight!"

Well, I didn't answer him fer quite a spell. You see,
Wuz surprised thet ol' Dick Jones should talk thet way
to me.

When a year er two ago, his cows got in my corn,
Never said a word to him, jes' drove 'em out next morn,
Patched the fence up best I could an' never blamed him
none,

More than I would any one fer whut they hadn't done,
Fer, thinks I, he couldn't be romancin' 'round at night,
Watchin' of his critters—seein' they behaved all right.

Harvest time wuz drawin' nigh, with lots of work you see,
Weren't strange ef fences wuzn't whut they orto be.
Now to hev him talk that way it didn't look to me,
Like ol' Jones hed allus been the friend he'd seemed to me,
So I answered hasty like, an' Jones he spoke up too,
'Fore we thought some angry words had passed between
us two.

When at last he went away 'twas plain enough to see,
Thet there wasn't much love left between ol' Jones an'
me.

Now thet we wuz enemies, of course it wouldn't do,
Havin' Jones' son a comin' 'round a courtin' Sue,
I told him next Sunday night, "You needn't come no
more,

"I don't want no Jones ever darkenin' my door!"

Acted sorto startled like ; sez, "Well, all right," sez he,
Tuck his hat an' coat an' went ez easy ez could be,
When he'd gone, you orto seen the time we had with
Sue.

Fainted, an' it wuz a spell fore we could bring her to.
Martha Jane, she cried some too, an' they set up all night,
In the kitchen (I could see 'em by the fire light.)

Next morn they wuz more content, but things went
wrong all day,

I had lost my appetie, felt all knocked out some way.
We both thought a heap of Sue, an' she tho't lots of us,
An' we couldn't blame her none fer mine an' Jones' fuss.
Days an' weeks went slowly on until a year'd gone by.
Sue was gittin' pore an' pale an' Martha'd often cry.

I held out agin' it all, Jones never spoke to me,
Nor I to him ; each of us wuz contrary ez could be.
'Till one mornin', I remember plain ez plain kin be,
I woke up hearin' Martha Jane a callin' loud fer me.
Run up stairs an' there she stood close by Sue's bedroom
door,
Cryin' an' a callin' like she'd never done before.

"W'y," I sez, "W'y, Martha Jane, what's all this fuss about?"

"Sue"—she sez, an' somethin' else I couldn't jes' make out.

An' when I got in the room, I had to stand an' stare,
Nigh a minit 'fore I knowed fer shore—*Sue wnn't there!*
Yes, she'd gone, an' Martha Jane she knew ez well ez I,
Sue'd often said it would be best ef she could only die.

I rushed down stairs an' out the door, fer there had been
a snow,

"An'," thinks I, "there may be tracks to show which
way to go."

Shore nough, out in the yard I picked out two or three,
Leadin' to'ards the river, jes' ez certain ez could be.

When I reached the medder land, I found a dozen more,
Then I knew thet Sue had gone an' drowned herself fer
shore.

When I reached the river, there wuz foot-prints in the
snow,

I follored them 'till I could see the dark, deep river flow.
There a piece of ice had broke, an' drifted far apart,
An' somethin' seemed to tighten like a vice around my
heart.

Yes, we had the river drug, folks watched it day an' night,
Hopin' thet her body'd float, an' maybe come in sight.

But days an' weeks went slowly by an' not a sign wuz
found,

Though people come to help us watch from all the coun-
try 'round,

Tell we'd both give up all hope an' things went on the same,

Except we couldn't bear to think of her er speak her name.
Sorry? Yes, we'd often set together of a night,
Hand in hand out in the kitchen by the fire light,

Thinkin' jes' of Sue an' how we both had loved her well,
Prayin' that we'd meet her some day on the other shore.
Then we had her picture, when she wuz a little tad,
Jes' an ol' tin-type it wuz, but then it wuzn't bad,
Martha got it framed an' set it on the bureau there,
Whur it would be handy—eyes air leakin', I declare!

* * * * *

Spring had come, the birds wuz back, a' singin' in the breeze,

Leaves wuz out all bright an' green, upon the orchard trees,

We drove by Dick Jones', Martha Jane an' me, to town,
In a winder there, I saw two eyes ez bright an' brown,
Hair ez long an' dark an' curly, an' a mouth ez sweet,
EZ nary gal in all these parts would durst pretend to beat.

An' 'fore I thought I jumped right out, an' run in there an'—say,

The way Sue hugged an' kissed me purt' nigh tuck my breath away.

Then we both went out an' talked with Martha Jane a spell,

An' ol' Dick Jones come stompin' out to where we wuz, an', "Well,

"Nice spring weather, this," sez he, "how's things around yer way?"

"W'y," I sez, "They're middlin' *good*, especially *to-day!*"

"Glad to hear it, Bill," sez he, in his ol' fashioned way,
An' 'fore we knowed it, Jones an' me wuz friends agin
to stay.

Tom an' Sue air married an' they've come to live with
us,

Allus thought they fooled me some way—don't know how
it was.

Jones an' me air older now, an' haint got long to stay,
An' our two joinin' eighties will belong to them, some
day!





March.

MARCH.

Seems ef a feller never knows
Whut's comin' next—first day it blows
From ever' way, and then it snows,
Fer all that's out,
Then thaws it out,
An' runs the water on the crops,
An' floats the hull thing, roots an' tops,
Then freezes up an' never stops;
Same rig-er-me-ro,
Keeps on jes' so!

Until a feller gets the blues,
An' sorto sinkin' in his shoes,
An' thinks he ain't no earthly use,

An' then the thing
Clears up, by jing !

Sun comes a peekin out so plain,
He thinks Spring's come fer shore again,
Then like enough she'll up an' rain .

Same rig-er-me-ro,
Keeps on jes' so !

Dad used to say to me, sez he,
"Ol' man's gone visitin', maybe,
The boys air runnin' things you see,

An' hain't ketched on
To how they're done,

An' make some blunders now an' then
An' then ferget jes' how er when,
An' do the same blamed thing agen!"

Same rig-er-me-ro,
Keeps on, jes' so !

Ef any time takes all the starch
Out of you, w'y, I know it's March !
Jes' set out in the grape-vine arch,

Unless it snows,
An' rub yer nose,

Er smoke an' chaw to-backer'n spit.
Don't do no good fer you to git
Riled up—won't change the thing a bit !

Same rig-er-me-ro,
Keeps on, jes' so !!!

KETCHIN' SANTA CLAUS.

Sez gran'-pa to me on a Chris-mus night,
 To me, sez he,

“Wonder how it would be,
 Fer us to ketch Santa Claus comin’ to-night,
 An’ tie ’im up tight ’ith a big, stout string,
 An’ take all ’is presents an’ ever’ thing.
 Ef we went to-gether, I think we might,
 Work it some way.

Robby, what do you say,
 ‘Bout ketchin’ ol’ Santa who’s comin’ to-night?”
 My pa, ‘e sez, “No! Thet would never do!
 Maybe,” sez ‘e,

Sence ‘e’s bigger, you see,
 E’d carry me off an’ my gran'-pa too,
 An’ take us away whur no one could tell,
 Er drop us way down into some ol’ well,
 An’ leave ‘im an’ mamma ’ere all alone.

An’ they would be,
 Awful sorry fer me,
 ’Ith no little boy they could call their own.

But gran'-pa he sez, “We will see ‘bout that!
 I’m big an’ tall,

There’s no danger at all!
 An’ struck ’ith ’is cane at the ol’ black cat,
 An’ sed ef ol’ Santa Claus used us rough,
 E’d whack ‘im ’ith it ’till he cried enough.
 An’ thought ’ist one whippin’ like that ’ould do.

An’ so, you see,
 My ol’ gran'-pa’n me,
 We laid fer ol’ Santa Claus—’ist we two.

We set by the fire awhile an' talked,
 An' rocked an read.

After pa'd gone to bed,
 He showed me about how ol' Santa walked,
 'Ith straps an' the packs 'at they held in place,
 An' whiskers 'at hid a'most all 'is face,
 An' white, furry cap an' big mittens too,
 An' how 'e could

Tell the boys 'at wuz good,
 Who'd done 'ist the things they wuz told to do.
 Wuz settin' there talkin', 'ist gran'-pa'n me,
 An' heard some thing,

'Ist like sleigh-bells ring,
 An' in come ol' Santa ez shore's could be,
 An' stomped all the snow off 'is feet an' clothes,
 N'en slapped 'is big mittens an' rubbed 'is nose,
 An' never once noticed my gran'-pa'n me,

But went right there,
 Whur they hung on a chair,
 An' filled up my stockin' ez full's could be.

An' n'en 'ist ez he wuz about to go,
 My gran'-pa, 'e,
 Tuck me off of 'is knee,
 An' jumped up an' ketched 'im ez tight, you know,
 An' gran'-pa 'e pulled an' n'en I pulled too,
 'Till Santa give up, tucker'd out clear through,
 An' said, "Don't you tie me ith strings, because
 I don't like strings."

An' 'e tuck off 'is things,
An' sir, it wuz PA 'at wuz SANTA CLAUS!

SOME DAY.

Some-day ! O that sad, sweet some-day !
How hallowed is the happy lay
It sings of hopes which cheer the heart,
Through dreary hours. The tears that start
To greet it, will be brushed away,
By tender hands of Love and Joy, some day.

Some-day ! O sweet the song it sings !
And while its tune so holy, rings
Among the heav'ly chimes, it swells
Our hearts with love and ever dwells
Within our souls. The strongest fay
Of life we place in sweet some-day.

Some day, the land where Truth now lies,
Will show its splendor to the eyes,
Which now are clouded by the dim,
Dark shadow, Doubt ; and then the hymn
Of praise, will echo far away
The glory of its joys, some day.

Some day, from out the dismal night,
Will come a gleam of golden light,
To senses, deadened with their years
Of sorrow, of despair and fears.
Then all the clouds will fade away,
And leave the bright sunshine, some-day.

Some day, the soul from sin will free
Itself, and through eternity
Will sing its way with lowness,

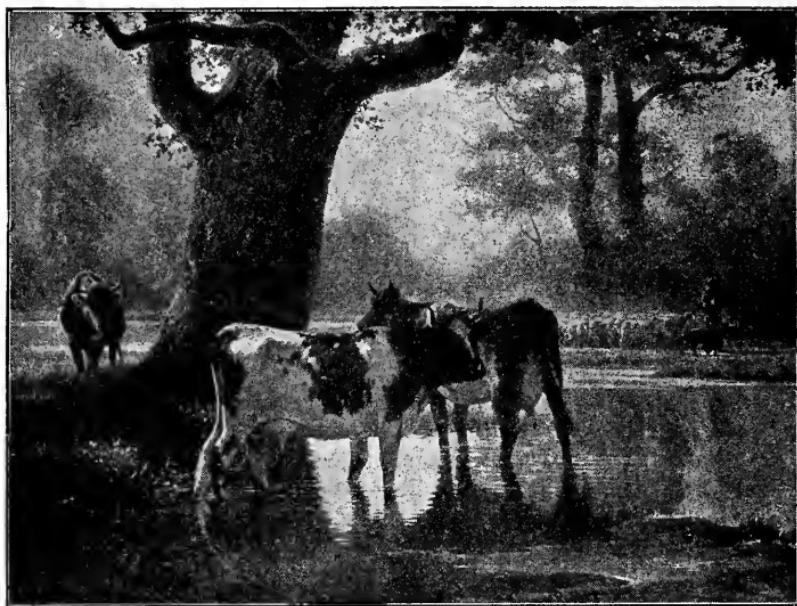
To perfectness and holiness,
And naught of sinfulness shall stay,
To mar its perfect life, some day.

Some day, the heart which now beats on,
Though broken in a time long gone,
Will be repaired with pleading tears,
And tender kisses. As in years
Gone by, once more at eve, we pray
To meet and greet him there, some day.

Some day, the cottage door shall swing,
And mother's gentle voice shall sing,
As in our youthful days. Life's flowers
Shall bloom, no more to fade. The hours
Of childhood shed their smiles away.
All lost joys shall come back, some day.

Some day the father's hand shall meet
The missing one; again will greet,
The faded and the flashing eye,
And sweet, "God bless you," drown, "Good-by;"
The heart's sad longings fade away,
Within the happy bright some day.

Some day—no matter how or when,
We'll know the future better, then.
O come, sweet hour, with all your smiles;
The hopes and joys of after-whiles,
Come, tune your harp and sing your lay,
O bright, yet sweetly sad, some day!



And the creek with its banks so green.

A DREAM OF YOUTH.

Away back there, far away back there,
Thro' the gathering years I see,
The hopes and joys of a time so fair,
Which will never come back to me.

A cottage home in my dreams I see,
As it looked in boyhood's day,
The lilac bush and the "harvest tree,"
Where the robins so loved to play.

The dear old farm—every field I knew,
The wood where squirrels were seen,

The shady lane where the cherries grew,
And the creek with its banks so green.

The farm-yard wide with its lords so proud,
The garden, with flowers and bees,
The orchard old where the branches bowed,
With their fruit in the autumn breeze.

The wood-chuck's home 'neath the pile of stone,
The old barn with its rafters high,
The swinging gate—all these joys I've known,
In a time which has long gone by.

All these I worshipped in childhood's day,
When that dear cottage home I knew,
Now faded are they like the hours of play,
As the trials of manhood grew.

But lessons there learned of nature's ways,
Her assurance of God on high,
Still bides with me thro' the passing days,
From the time which has long gone by.



THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Alone at midnight I have come,
While smiles the moon o'er head,
To view this final earthly home,
This "City of The Dead."

Like ghosts the monuments so gray,
Seem flitting at their ease,
From shade to light as breezes sway,
The tall o'er hanging trees.

My muse so wild has led me here.
To count its secrets o'er—
Sad treasures for a spot so near,
To Heaven's sacred door.

The home where none are turned away;
Though humble be their sphere,
And false to God and brother clay,
They find a shelter here.

The rich, the poor ; the gay, the sad ;
The tortured, the caressed ;
The king, the slave ; the good, the bad ;
Find here unending rest.

Here lie the sweetest flowers of earth,
And knaves of all the world,
The hearts that knelt on Passion's hearth,
And lips which Pride had curled.

The light of Faith is darkened here,
By shadows Grief and Care,

While slaves to Sorrow and to Fear,
Are Joy and Laughter fair.

Here mem'ry paints the missing face,
And speaks the parting word,
Whose charms all Time can not efface—
The sweetest ever heard!

Here loom the factories of Hope,
And here the stream of Love
Flows deepest, unbelieving grope
For solace from above.

The millions who have to it fled,
Whom Love can ne'er recall,
Crown this the "City of The Dead,"
Metropolis of all!





An' she might a married Jim.

THINKIN' ON IT NOW.

Thinkin' on it now, by jing !
Seems a foolish sort of thing ;
Me with nothin' laid away,
"Poor's Job's turkey," you might say.
Her with jes' the clothes she wore,
(Wouldn't let her take no more),
Seems a foolish thing, I say,
But it happened jes' that way.

Seems so foolish now, I say,
But I know—'twas mean the way
'Squire used her—mad, you see,
'Cause she owned to likin' me.
When I wuz a common lad,
Workin' out fer what I had,

An' she might a married Jim—
'Squire's heart wuz set on him !

Recollec' it now ez plain ;
Night she met me in the lane,
Cryin'—told me all the rest,
Said she'd allus liked me best.
See her now a standin' there,
Roses in her dress an' hair,
Me with jes' my work clothes on,
Kissed her 'till the tears wuz gone.

Thinkin' on it now, you see,
Makes it plainer some to me.
Sorto like it tho', some how,
Ez she sets here by me now,
With the youngsters playin' 'round,
Crops a growin' in the ground,
Thinkin'—jes' a thinkin' way
Back there when we run away!



THE OLD DINNER BELL.

Treasured pictures on memory's fast dimming pages!

I love them all dearly, for sweet is their charm,
But the one which my fancy most often engages,
Is that of my boy-hood's old home on the farm.
And among the sweet joy's which lie cherished about it,
There's one which of pleasure can happily tell,
In its clear ringing tone—I am lonely without it!
Which comes from the dearly loved old dinner bell.

In my fancy I see it in ecstacy swinging,

Responding to each measured pull on the rope,
And again I rejoice in the sweet music ringing,
Nor long for the silence its melody broke.
As afar o'er the fields its glad tidings proclaiming,
On ears ever willing its messages fell,
For the pleasures in waiting it seemed to be naming—
My heart thrills with love for the old dinner bell.

Many years it had hung on its tall oaken column,

And sent out its notes through the storm and the sun.
Never weakened in pitch or diminished in volume,
The music it made since its time had begun.
Till at last, over-straining the time deepened creases,
Which showed on its surface, it tolled its own knell;
From its station it fell and was broken to pieces,
Thus ended the life of the old dinner bell.

O that old dinner bell! In my heart I revere it,
As clearly its outlines in mem'ry I trace.

O the joy that it brings when I fancy I hear it,
 The same as when hung in the long-cherished place.
 May I never forget it, for sweet is its story,
 The tear-drops may fall yet I love it so well,
 I will smile through my tears when I see in its glory,
 The picture so dear of the old dinner bell.



THE RHEUMATIZ'.

When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg, don't you know,
 An' jes' pulls the thing all out o' whack,
 When a feller ain't shore o' which way she will go ;
 Ef she'll stomp on ahead er go back.
 With the achin's a chasin' each other along—
 Never knowed 'em to let up a peg,
 Er to hurt like they orto er whur they belong,
 When the rheumatiz gits in yer leg.

When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg once agin,
 An' yer taster ain't good ez it wuz ;
 When you tackle a pie with the raisins left in,
 Tastes ez ef it wuz coated with fuzz.
 An' you've tuck so much quinine an' ginger an' stuff.
 An' you've poulticed with mustard an' egg,

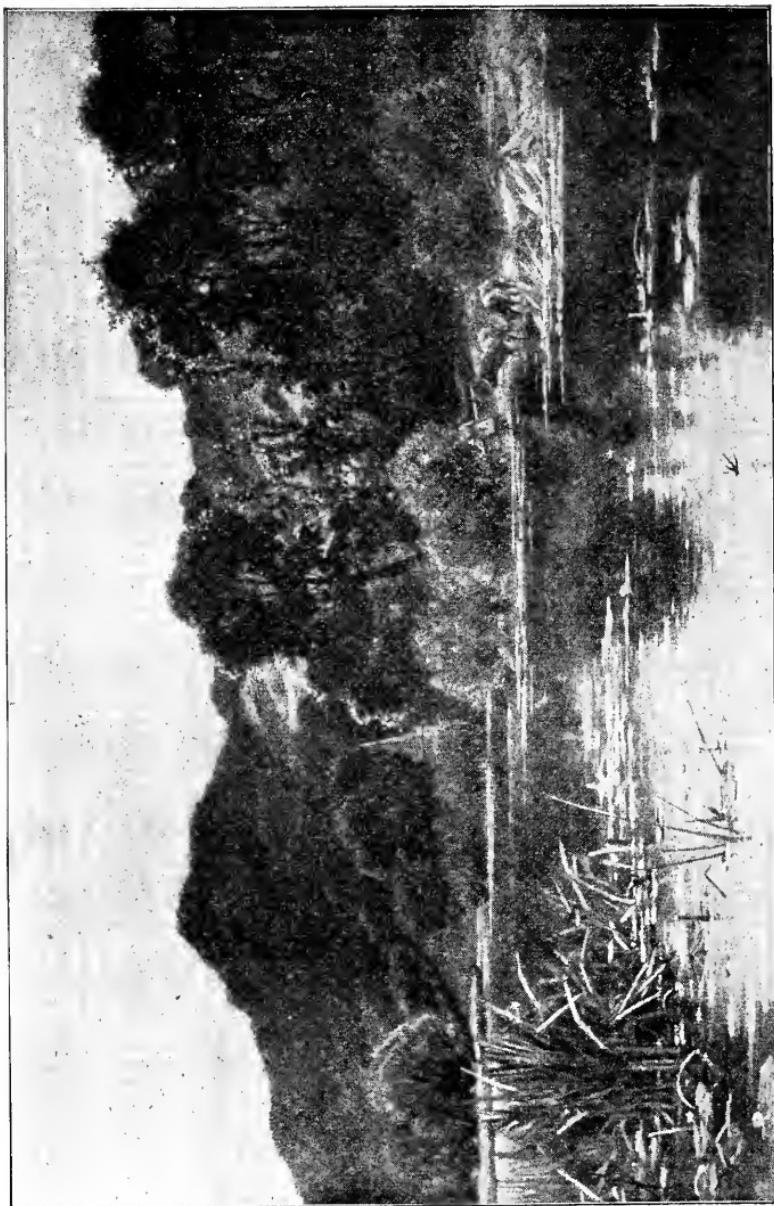
'Till you don't want no more—feel you've had jes' enough,
When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg.

When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg there agin,
An' the other one's j'ints air so loose,
Thet the flippity gait thet you stomp around in,
Makes you think thet you ain't o' much use.
An' yer wantin' to run an' yer havin' to not,
An it don't do no good fer to beg
Her to let up a spell, 'fore you've jes' clean forgot,
When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg.

When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg like it does,
When the weather is stormy er wet,
An' you ain't feelin' half like ez young ez you wuz,
An' the ol' kitchen door won't stay shet.
An' the cat's ketchin' chickens, the dog's ketchin' sheep,
An' the cider's all out o' the keg,
An' when everything's wrong—hired man's gone to sleep,
When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg.

When the rheumatiz' gits in yer leg, all the way
From the top of yer head to yer heel,
An' there ain't any racket thet's near, er away
Off the farm but a feller kin feel;
W'y, I often jes' think thet I'd ruther, I believe,
Hang myself up some whur on a peg.
An' stay there 'till she's through—guess thet I'd jes' ez
leave,
When the rheumatiz' gits in my leg.

Behind it wuz the medder thet the river flowed aroun'.



THE CIDER MILL.

It stood down at the corner whur you turned to go to town,

Behind it wuz the medder thet the river flowed aroun',
An' further back the forest with its oak an' hick'ry trees,
An' squirrels a settin' in their tops a swingin' in the breeze.

'Twas built of logs an' cla'boards an' wuzn't very high ;
Enough to hold the presses with a roof to keep 'em dry.
But when the rushin' water turned the wooden wheel around.

To me when jes' a youngster seemed of all the sweetest sound.

An' though I'm grown to manhood now, my mind is happy still,

A thinkin' of the hours I passed in that ol' cider mill.

The Autumn frost a fallin' picked the apples overhead,
An' laid 'em in the hollers down among the leaves so red.
We'd load 'em in the wagon while the sun wuz goin' down,
With cider barr'l's among 'em 'an' the blankets big an' brown,

Put in the horses' mangers clover hay a heapin' up,
All ready to be startin' when the sun come peepin' up.
An' I wuz allus happy when at last tucked up in bed—
The corn husks in my piller seemed so soft beneath my head.

I dreamed of dreams the sweetest then, of things I'm lovin' still ;

The rusty cup—the foamin' tub in that ol' cider mill.

The Winter wind a blowin' an' a whistlin' like to-day,
Made snow to drift in ridges all aroun' the stacks of hay,
Sift in aroun' the winder-sills an' underneath the door,
An' through the cracks aroun' the barn a kiver'n up the
floor.

It allus seemed to me to be the sweetest time of all,
No matter how the wind would blow er how the snow
would fall.

When night had come w'd gether 'round the kitchen
fire snug,

An' eat of apples, maybe, er of pie, er hev a jug
Of cider. How it warmed me up, does yet an' ever will!
Thet's why I allus think with love of thet ol' cider mill.

But now around the corner whur I uso to roam at will,
The clover heads air growin' red an' everything's so still,
The river in the medder runs so slow—it's nearly dry,
The trees air gone thet uso to reach their branches up so
high.

The place it looks so lonesome like it ain't so sweet
to me

Ez 'twuz when but a youngster there, ez happy ez
could be,

I watched the water rushin' round an' past the wooden
wheel,

An' caught the cider foamin' with a joy I yet kin feel.
O they kin change thet medder lot an' fix it ez they will,
The hand of man can't beat the plan of thet ol' cider mill.



HOOSIER PHILOSOPHY.

I'd ruther jes' be pore, an' not
Be findin' fault with whut I've got,
Than rich ez any man there is,
A wishin' all the world wuz his,
An' grumblin' hard at Providence.
A feller with jes' common sense,
Who thinks he's bein' used the best,
Is happier than all the rest.

You take a chap thet's stingy rich,
Er findin' fault—no matter which,
It ain't much use fer him to be,
On this road to Eternity.
When Fate deals sorrows out to some,
They've got to take 'em ez they come.
There's allers joys a hangin' free,
Thet jes' contented folks kin see.

Suppose some feller'd come to me,
Fer idees like, an' say, sez he,
“Where had a feller better try,
“To find a man to reckon by;
“With which to measure all the rest,
“Their good an' bad; I want the best.”
I'd start him so's he'd land kerslap,
Right on some pore contented chap!

No matter how he combs his hair,
Er ef he hadn't got any there,

Ner how his clothes are cut an' fit,
Fer they don't change the man a bit.
He may be nice, he may be not;
Ef he's content with whut he's got,
Kin whistle er kin sing a hymn,
There ain't none happier than him.

A feller with an appetite,
Thet don't let up none day er night,
A heart thet's happy when it's done,
A kindness thet has helped some one,
A hand thet takes yours in a grip,
Which when a feller's down won't slip;
Is jes' the chap I like to see,
The kind of man all orto be!





Among the garden's treasures seem so blest.

A DREAM.

I think of her,
And lo! the veil is lifted from the past ;
I see her, lovely as she was when last
We met. The pain is eased within my heart
And yet I needs must brush the tears that start
In saddened sympathy with boyhood's dream.
And so oftentimes I sit and dreaming seem
To be with her.

I think of her,
With her sweet smile and eyes divinely blue.
And tresses golden while the morning dew,

Among the garden's treasures seem so blest
To kiss her dainty slipper and I prest
With passion's longing, clasp with joy,
The dainty hand. Sweet dream. A heart's decoy
To be with her.

I think of her,
And from my vision wake with joy to find
The fairy of my dreams with arms entwined,
About my neck, the lips I longed to meet,
Against my own, and all of life seems sweet
With holy love. And this my waking dream !
Sweet-heart ! 'Tis Heaven's bars withdrawn to seem—
To be with you !



THE PANSY.

Some folks say thet roses air the sweetest kind of flowers,
An' they'll set an' hold a bunch and smell of them fer
hours.
Well, they're good ol' fashioned posies an' I like 'em
some myself,
Usto keep 'em settin' in a vase there on the shelf.

But to pick out jes' the best o' posies, I'll be blest,
I'd ruther hev the pansy one instid of all the rest.

Like to go there eve'nin's whur they're noddin' in their
bed.

(Mother set 'em out there jes' a year 'fore she wuz dead,) Like to weed 'em keerful like an' pick jes' one er two,

Wear 'em in to supper, maybe, like *she* usto do

Then they looked so purty when she wore 'em—all the
rest,

O' posies may be han'some, but I think the pansy best.

Jest' a youngster then, I wuz, but recollect I cried,
Goin' in to see her an' to kiss her when she died.

An' they said, "She's sleepin'," but I could not under-
stand.

'Till I see the rose an' lilies folded in her hand.

Went an' got some pansy flow'rs and put 'em with the
rest;

Seemed to make her happier—I like the pansy best.

Sometimes when I'm out there with 'em by the garden
wall,

Eyes gits blurry thinkin', jes' a thinkin' on it all,

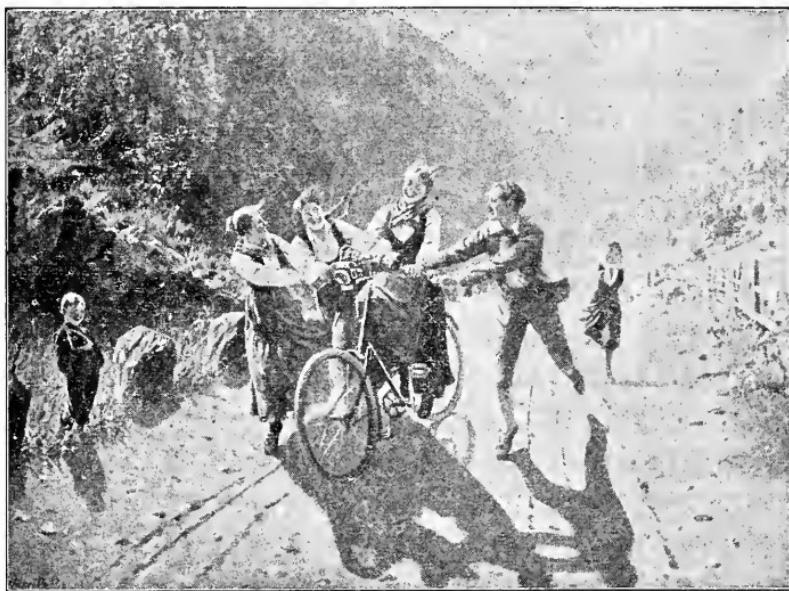
'Till I fancy I can see her smilin' up at me,

From the bed of pansies—jes' ez happy ez kin be.

So you take yer rosies ef you want to. I'll be blest!

Give me jes' the pansy ones an' you kin hev the rest.





Scorching over highways, coasting down the hills,

RHYMES OF THE WHEEL.

Scorching over highways,
Coasting down the hills,
Riding thro' the by-ways,
Resting by the rills,
Flying on our journey,
O the joy we feel!
All the world is happy,
Riding on a wheel.

Men of every station,
Maids and matrons too,

Ride like all creation ;
Nothing else to do.
Dozens, ones and couples,
Careworn man and wife,
Kicking off their troubles,
On the road of life.

Gentleman behind us,
Riding for his health.
Others with a purpose—
Showing off their wealth.
Maiden lady anxious,
(Looking for a beau,) Wish she wouldn't watch us
Everywhere we go !

Aged man in knee-pants,
Glasses on his nose.
Youngster with some flow'r plants,
Wonder where he goes ?
Man with seven children,
Tagging on behind.
Dude in latest fashion—
Nothing on his mind !

Lady there in bloomers,
Everything to match,
Wore 'em through two summers,
All except the patch.
Lady in long dresses,
Looks divinely up,
Wind blows off her tresses,

Small boy picks 'em up.

Fat man comes a puffing,
 Like a railroad train,
Sent for silk or something,
 Must go back again.
Racing man in tights there,
 Bearings striking fires,
Brought up straight to rights there,
 Puncturing all *three* tires.

Men of all desires,
 Maids of every mind,
Blowing up their tires,
 Every shape and kind.
Of all means of motion
 This the one we feel,
Beats all locomotion—
 Riding on a wheel.

Scorching over highways,
 Coasting down the hills,
Riding thro' the by-ways,
 Resting by the rills.
Flying on our journey,
 O the joy we feel!
All the world is happy,
 Riding on a wheel!



COUNTRY CHIMES.

Have you ever heard the country chimes,
From woodland, hill and stream,
Singing their songs of distant chimes,
Faintly as in a dream?

Softly they come thro' the open door,
Clearly they echo along the floor,
Steadily creeping o'er ceiling and wall,
Over the pictures, the lamp, and all,
Drowning the bustle of worldly care,
Straight from your childhood home,
Bringing a melody sweet and rare,
From the old farm they come.

Have you ever heard their music rise,
Out of the hallowed past,
Like heavenly melodies from the skies,
Or a martial trumpet's blast?
Waking the soul with a spirit young,
Memory leaps into blithesome song,
Eyes grow more dim with the joys they see,
Heart chords spring into melody,
And hands grow weak in obedience,
Not to the laws of Time,
But the power sublime in the faint cadence,
Of a hallowed country chime.

Have they ever carried you back again,
Back to the dear old farm,
And over its billows of ripening grain,

Back to the sun beams warm,
Sparkling so golden on meadow and hill,
Sleeping on ruins forsaken and still,
Mirroring nature in bubbling spring,
Sounding the key notes whose silvery ring,
Goes dancing along over woodland and plain,
On to the end of time,
'Till distantly gathered it bursts again,
Into a country chime?

These country chimes! They mingle the rhymes,
Of nature with long-ago.
From far-off days they bring the chimes,
Our youthful visions know.

Brought in the essence of sweet perfume,
Wafted to you when the lilacs bloom,
Heard when some kindly soft-toned voice,
Whispers the words that are still your choice,
Humbly we kneel with the reverence due,
To their old sacred time,
Which tells of the farm and the old home to you,
In their sweet country chime.





I hafto study stiddy er my eyes'll git so blurry.

MY SPELLIN' BOOK.

It's gittin' sorto odd like an' ol' fashioned, don't you know,
But some how I jes' could'nt think of partin' with it, though,
It ain't much use I reckon, awful faded like an' small,
The leaves are torn in places, an' there's thumb-marks
on 'em all.

But some how off an' on by spells, I kinder like to look
Around 'em some—nose up an' down in thet old spellin'
book!

It's hard without my spectacles to keep the words apart,

I've looked it through so often though I know em all by heart.

I hafto study stiddy er my eyes'll git so blurry,
I find so much to think on thet I *ean't* go in a hurry,
It takes me down the road to school across the marsh
an' brook,

A carryin' my dinner pail an' thet ol' spellin' book.

It lands me clean kaflummixed on thet ol' slab seat agin.
The master looks me over with a sort-o'-sickly grin,
I figger all the sums up out of Rays arithmetic,
I read McGuffy's reader till the letters git so thick
An' which-an'-tethered thet I clean fergit it all an' hook
Up sompin' thet I haint learned yet in thet ol' spellin'
book.

Must draw a map of Afriker—there's all them nouns to
parce,

An' "*Cow* must stand fer Mary," (er she couldn't milk of
course).

I've got to write a composition on "The Cow" (I hate
A cow er calf!) er stay to-night—the same ez comin' late.
An' blamed ef I kin tell jes' why I like to steal a look
At Tilda ez I usto over thet ol' spellin' book.

Thet spellin' book! I like to keep it handy, don't you
know.

Can't tell you why it allus sets my eyes to leakin', though,
But still I like to see it layin' up there on the shelf,
Er take it down an' study out the thumb-marks by my-
self,

Fer when I'm feelin' lonely, w'y, I like to take a look,
In it a spell—nose up an' down in thet ol' spellin' book!

THE LOT BEHIND THE BARN.

The year thet Jackson's straw stack fell an' killed their
spotted calf,
An' neighbor Wilson's widder Ann run off with Deacon
Gaff,
An' our ol' shanghai rooster tuck the cholera an' died,
I got thet box fer Sammy with the jumpin'-jack in-side,
An' Uncle Bill an' his dude friend come out to see the farm,
I planted taters in,
 (Whur I never will agin),
 In the lot behind the barn.

The Spring had gone an' left the ground so warm an' dry
an' yeller,
I plowed it up an' drug it down 'till it wuz soft an' meller,
Then planted 'em in furries—I kin recollec' it still,
An' kivvered 'em jes' mid'lin' deep with two eyes in a hill.
The wind wuz blowin' up a rain, the sun wuz shinin' warm,
When I got done at noon,
 Plantin' 'taters long in June,
 In the lot behind the barn.

Well, by an' by, they sprouted nice an' growed above the
ground,
An' kept a gittin' bigger 'till their tops spread all around,
I plowed 'em with a shovel-plow an' hoed 'em with a hoe,
An' picked the bugs off onc't a week an' weeded ever' row,
An' often thought how I'd enjoy 'em b'iled with jackets on,
When they wuz plump an' big,
 Plenty ripe enough to dig,
 In the lot behind the barn.

An' when the blows had blossomed an' the tops fell on
the ground,

I thought I'd better dig 'em 'fore the frost had come
around,

So give the hoe an' extra grind an' got the wagon ready,
An' planned to dig 'em in a day by workin' hard an'
steady.

I fixed a bin down cellar so's to keep 'em whur 'twas
warm,

An' dreamed most all the night,

Of 'taters big an' white,

In the lot behind the barn.

Next mornin' when the sun come up a kissin' of the
ground,

It made things look so happy like a shinin' all around,
I dug the fust hill lively like an' thought my eyes to blame,
Because I found no taters, but the next one wuz the same.
I'd dug up ever' hill before I heard the dinner horn,

An' never, I declare !

Found a single 'tater there,

In the lot behind the barn.

Jes' why there wuzn't any there I ain't decided yet,
I sometimes think the ground too dry, at other times
too wet.

It's been nigh onto forty year, an thinkin' on it still,
I find I hain't fergot it yet—don't think I ever will !
I often plant it all to wheat, er rye, er oats, er corn,
But don't put 'taters in,

Whur I never will agin !

In the lot behind the barn,

YOU'LL HEV TO GIT UP AIRLY.

I recollect when I wuz young an' livin' on the farm,
Along with father—allus seems to make my heart so warm,
A thinkin' how in Winter, when the fire burned so bright,
An' all us youngsters would be settin' round it of a night,
A gassin' 'bout the crops, er weather, er a "huskin' bee,"
A chompin' apples, likely, jes' ez happy ez could be,
'Till father'd come a stompin' in like in an awful hurry,

"You had better pike away,
To yer beds," he'd allers say,
"Fer you'll hev to git up airly!"

He never thought us youngsters ought to sit up very late.
"A feller's got to sleep," sez he, "thet wants to feel
first rate.

There's blocks to split fer kitchen wood—ez much ez we
kin do,

Fer nigh two weeks, an' all them logs that we must haul
off too.

I promised Widder Jenkins that I git her grist to-morry,
An' git White's sassage grinder ef he had one I could borry.
Them steers will hev to learn the yoke er never turn a
furry,

An you boys had better go
Off to bed," he'd say, "You know,
Thet you'll hev to get up airly."

Then he'd pull off his cowhide boots an' set 'em back
to dry,

An' purty soon he'd take the lamp an' go a stompin' by,

An' climb up stairs to bed, an' then we'd hear him snore,
Enough to wake the critters up er rack the kitchen door.
We'd fix the kindlin's fer the night, an' mosey off to bed,
An' dream about the heaps of work a loomin' up ahead,
Er kick each other out of bed—jes' kill some feller nearly,

'Till we'd hear our father yell,

"Jes' stay up ! You might ez well,
Fer you'll hev to git up airly!"

I mind how much we missed him after he wuz laid away !
The ol' place got so lunsom like, we cried most ever' day.
An' allus long to see him by the fire of a night,
Er lookin' after things around thet never went jes' right.
An' when he did not come, it seemed 'twuz hard to ca'm
yerself,

But wish instid thet it wuz you they'd laid upon the shelf !
My eyes air gittin' blurry ! Don't know why they orto
really.

'Tain't no use—my dreamin' now ;
Past my bed time any how,
An' I'll hev to git up airly !





(82)

Jes' roars along the sand-bar an' around the further side.

THE OL' BAYOO.

A purty place is thet ol' Bayoo of a summer's day,
A layin' sorto sleepy like an' stretchin' fer away ;
The sparklin' sunshine ridin' on the tip-top waves. It's fun,
To sit an' watch 'em ez they chase each other on the run,
An' flicker 'round among the rocks along the further shore,
An' bend the reeds an' rushes 'till it ain't a wave no more,
Then come rompin' further up along the other side,
To where the river from the hills is stretchin' out as wide.
I'd ruther hev the nigh shore though, fer there the
minnies stay,
An' play at hide an' seek around the mosses ever' day ;
An' you kin see yerself ez plain, er watch the clouds
go by.
Er run aginst each other ez they kiver up the sky.

But when the wind is blowin' like a cyclone from the
West,
She's purty then ef any feller likes the water best.
Jes' roars along the sand-bar and around the further side,
The "Devil's Mouth" is yawnin' there, to gulp 'em all
inside.
An' then along the pointed rocks, it starts a feller's heart,
A thumpin' fer to watch the waves ez they air pulled
apart,
An' sent a skally-hootin' upwards—burstin' in the air,
A followin' each other 'till they seem a hanging' there,
An' more a comin' towards you with a rustle an' a roar,
A bringin' sticks an' sea-weeds to heap up along the shore.

To watch her when it's stormy ez the grandest sorto sight,
To watch her er to listen to her music of a night!

I recollect it easy now—it looks the same, I bet,
Ez years ago—the same ol' waves a tumblin' 'round
there yet!

An' sloshin' in the boat-house like ez ef they'd wash
her out.

You'd hev to keep a bailin' er she'd swamp yer boat,
about!

By cracky, say! I'd give up all the land I've got to-day,
To see that ol' Bayoo agin er take a souse er—say,
Jes' sposin' I could wade along around her once agin,
Er peek in at the "Devil's Mouth" that ain't no bot-
tom in.

Er run the ol' boat up against the rock an' tie her fast,
An' climb up, (hold on my hat), an' bung my eyes out
past

My nose! Don't talk about yer pictures! Never could
find any,
Ez fine ez that ol' bayoo is, way back in Indiany!



THE HOOSIER.

He's a slim an' peaked feller, raises whiskers on his chin,

Wears his trousers h'isted half way to his knees,
Has a pair of eyes thet seem to be a sort o' twinklin',
An' a heart thet's allus happy ez you please.

Likes to gass about the weather er of some sich thing er other,

Er the city—how they "done" when he wuz there,
Sez "fergat" an' not "fergatten," (he's a right to ef he'd ruther),
You kin tell him by the hay-seeds in his hair.

He's a chap thet loves his mother, an' thet's not ashamed to cry,

In a harmless joke he'll allus do his part ;
He will help the dog thet's under, lick the chap thet tells a lie,

An' he'll hate the man thet breaks a woman's heart.

Allus tries to do his duty, ef he knows jes' whut it is,
An' he allus seems a hopin' fer the best ;

He's an' idee there's no country that is better off than his,

Helps his brother—trusts in Heaven fer the rest

Never figgers up another by the way he combs his hair,
Er the dollars thet he carries in his clothes,

But by how his heart's a beatin' with a kindness hidin
there,

Fer to brighten up some mortal's share of woes.

You kin gass about the idees thet he has on raisin' crops,

You kin talk about his lookin' long an' slim,

You kin laugh to see him "riley," when the price o'
'taters drops,

You may think there ain't no bigger fool than him.

But when you air longin' fer a hand whose grip you like
to feel,

Fer a voice to cheer you up in grief er harm ;

When you're lookin' fer a chap whose heart is allus true
ez steel,

You kin jes' pick out some Hoosier from the farm !





Peace

A FALLIN' OUT.

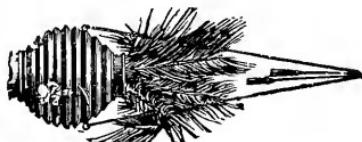
My Sue an' me hev fell clean out,
An' I don't know jes' whut about,
A week ago but, je-me-nee !
Seems like a year er two to me.
Somehow, I can't sleep sound at night,
Like I did onct. Thinks don't go right,
Er not at all. Turned inside out,
Since we two had our fallin' out.

Keep thinkin' on it off an' on,
An' clean ferget how fer I've gone,

Er whut I'm doin'. Seems so queer!
Now t'other day, I stood right here,
A lookin' downwards at my feet;
A feller on a load o' wheat,
Run right square onto me, about!
Wuz thinkin' on our fallin' out.

There's nothin' seems a goin' right;
Went out to milk the other night,
An' sorto went to sleep a spell,
Er sumpin'—can't exactly tell,
You whut it wuz. When I come to,
I hed my hat a milkin' through.
Set on the pail. Wuz thinkin' 'bout,
How we two had a fallin' out.

Dad tuck me down to Doctor Bicks,
To get some stuff to sorto fix
Me up. He talked about the weather,
An' asked me 'bout one thing er other,
Felt of my pulse, looked at my tongue,
'Till I jes' wished I hadn't come.
“Hain’t”—an’ then he laughed right out—
“Hain’t you an’ Sue been fallin’ out?”



THE THINKING-MACHINE.

Quite a wonderful fellow was Robert McLean,
Who invented the wonderful "thinking-machine."
A contrivance of leather, of brass, and of lead—
To be worn when in use on the top of one's head.
I am sure there are none but will readily see,
What a time-saver such an invention must be.
So all honor, I say, to this Robert McLean,
Who invented this wonderful "thinking-machine."

Now the way that he happened to do it was this,
Fate ordained that a pedagogue's life should be his,
In pursuit of his calling he found it was true,
That the number of studious pupils were few.
And the thing they all scorned as the ban of mankind,
Was what scientists term, "exercise of the mind."
To supply this deficiency, this man McLean,
Made his wonderful, wonderful "thinking-machine."

It's on record in Washington, D. C.,
Number ninety-nine thousand, six hundred and three ;
A machine made of leather, of brass, and of lead,
To be worn, when in use, on the top of one's head,
And to operate it, in a hole at one side,
Ask whatever you wish, pull the slot open wide,
From the mouth of the wearer your answer you glean,
It is *always correct!* Patente, R. McLean.

On the head of a boy who could not learn to read,
The machine was first tested for thruth and for speed,
And this question was asked him in wonder and fear,

As he stood book in hand, "Johnnie, why are you here?"
To the joy of his teacher in accents precise,
He recited the story, "The Cats and the Mice,"
And "The Boy and the Bug," and "The Tale of a Top"—
Had to spank him quoltely soundly before he would stop.

One by one all the sluggards tried on the machine,
And such rapid advancement you never have seen,
At the close of the day he was happy to find,
All his classes were equal—none lagging behind.
In his slumbers that night in a vision he stood,
On a pedestal high, with the nice and the good,
And they sang a sweet song of Sir Robert McLean,
Who invented the wonderful "thinking-machine."

As he sat in the school-room next morning, said he,
"Here the pathway to great-ness lies open to me.
"This machine helps the sluggards, 'twill help the rest
more;
"It is strange that I'd not thought of that nice plan
before."

He began with the first grade, to second they went,
Then the pupils in second to third grade he sent,
Then the third to the fourth, and so on up to eight.
"Now my school," said McLean, "is the *best in the state.*"

To the superintendent he hastened next day,
"Let my pupils," he said, "be examined, I pray.
"They have finished the work and are ready to pass,
"Out of number eight grade to the next higher class."
So the superintendent their knowledge compared
With his own, and as slyly he winked, he declared,

“ ‘Tis the greatest advancement I ever have seen,
“A most wonderful teacher is Robert McLean.”

There was silence a moment then in the front row,
A small hand he saw raised—(it was Johnnie’s, I know),
And a trembling voice said, “Mr. Jonathan Lamb,
“It was not my nice teacher made me what I am.
“The advancement you see here came not from McLean,
“But was wrought by his wonderful thinking machine.”
Then said Jonathan Lamb, “What on earth can that be?
“I demand explanation—don’t trifle with me!”

“It is true,” said the teacher, “the wonders here seen,
“I have wrought with the aid of my thinking machine.”
And he showed his invention of leather and lead,
To be worn, when in use, on the top of one’s head,
“Put the question in here—push the lever up there.”
Said old Jonathan Lamb, “It is fine, I declare!
“And its value is great to the teachers of youth,
“If the answers it gives *are the answers of truth.*”

“I will prove they are so,” the proud teacher replied,
As on Jonathan’s head the invention he tried.
Then this question he asked: “If the search we should
make,

“Tell me where we’d discover the greatest mistake?”
The machine thus replied: “*In the mind of McLean,*
Who invented the wonderful thinking machine.”
Then the superintendent laughed loud with delight,
As to Robert he said, “This machine is *all right!*”

“It is wrong,” said McLean, “there’s a spring loose
inside!”

"I think not, sir," the superintendent replied.
"This machine is correct, the mistake you will find,
"Is the fault of your judgment, an error of mind,
"For the true educational purpose, is not
"To *supply minds* with *facts*, but to *stimulate thought!*
"In the struggle of mortals for station and pelf,
"Best equipped is the man who can *think for himself!*"

To a home for insane they took Robert next day,
And his friends who have gone there to visit him say,
That he sits by himself and holds onto his hat,
As if all of the world was depending on that.
In a hole which he made in one side of its crown,
He asks all sorts of questions, then pulls the rim down.
This the question he whispers the most, "Have you seen
"Anything of McLean, or his thinking machine?"

Here our story must end, for the teacher *awoke*,
This he vowed then and there, and the pledge never broke,
"Though an outcast I roam, from starvation I die,
"I will not eat for supper another mince pie!"
So remember the story that here I have told,
When in teaching, new plans you are tempted to hold,
And beware of the fate of this Robert McLean,
Who invented the wonderful thinking machine.



THE NEURALIGEE.

It's the jumpin' neuraligee botherin' now !
I kin git it kaflummixed, I reckon, some how,
But of all the diseases that ever hev struck
Me, it jes' beats 'em all ; it's the " High-muck-a-muck !",

I kin climb over measles an' agures an' mumps,
I kin jes' knock the socks off a tooth when she jumps,
I kin thaw out my feet when they're frosted er friz,
Chore around with a bile, I don't keer whur it is ;

An' kin tend to most all of 'em handy, myself,
But neuraligee lays me clear up on the shelf,
An' I figger on havin the gals an' their ma,
Round to help fight her out when she tackles my jaw !

I hev plastered an poulticed an' doctored an' swore,
But it seems whut I've done has jes' helped it the more ;
I've het ashes an' salt an' to-backer an' socks,
An' I've held 'em on tight since she started, I jocks !

An' I've toasted my feet an' put eomforters on,
But I can't see a bit of the achin' is gone,
An' I've set up all night with a towel on my head,
But neuraligee comes way out ahead !

There is only one thing that a feller kin do,
When she's yankin' his jaw—that's to let her git through !
It ain't no use to plaster er doctor er swear,
Fer you can't skeer her off when she tackles you square !



The parson sez, sez he.

LIKE MOTHER USTO SING.

Seems sorto queer, my layin' here all kivered up in bed,
With p'inters fer a funeral a sticken' out ahead!

The parson sez, sez he,

“My friend, you orto be

A thinkin' on yer chances fer a home in Heav'n above!”
An' though he orto know whuts best my mind seems more
to love,

Another sort of track,

An' keeps a turnin' back,

To days when I wuz jes' a youngster, livin' with the rest,

On our old Indiany farm—I allus liked it best !
Instid of parson's voice in prayer, I'd ruther hear the ring
Of some of them ol' fashioned songs, like mother ustosing!
Kin see her ez she ustoset there workin on the stacks
Of clothes thet needed mendin', er a stoppin' up the cracks
 Around the saggin door,
 Er in the kitchen floor,
(When all the wind seems comin' in to make a feller cold,)
An' sayin', "These here quilts air gittin' sorto thin an old."
 Er settin' by me here,
 In her ol' screechy cheer,
A singin' songs I loved so well, ol' fashioned like maybe,
But givin' you a notion of whut angels orto be !
I wish instid of prayers eu' pleadin's parson to me'd bring
Jes' one of them ol' soothin' songs like mother ustosing.
It's gittin dark already—looks ez ef we'd hev a storm !
The kivers don't seem quite enough to keep a feller warm.
 An' all you youngsters dear,
 A standin' by me here—
Matilda, you're a cryin ! Kiss me 'fore the shadders fall.
I hate to part with you, sweetheart; I love you more than all
 The world ! I'd give my life
 For you. Good-by, dear wife !
We've keered fer all the children, an' I know they'll stand
 by you,
I'll meet you all up yender whur the light is shinin'
 through,
An' they're a singin'—listen ! My, thet's sweeter'n anything ;
Sounds like them soft an' soothin' songs like mother
 ustosing !

A BACK-WOODS VIEW OF THE FARM.

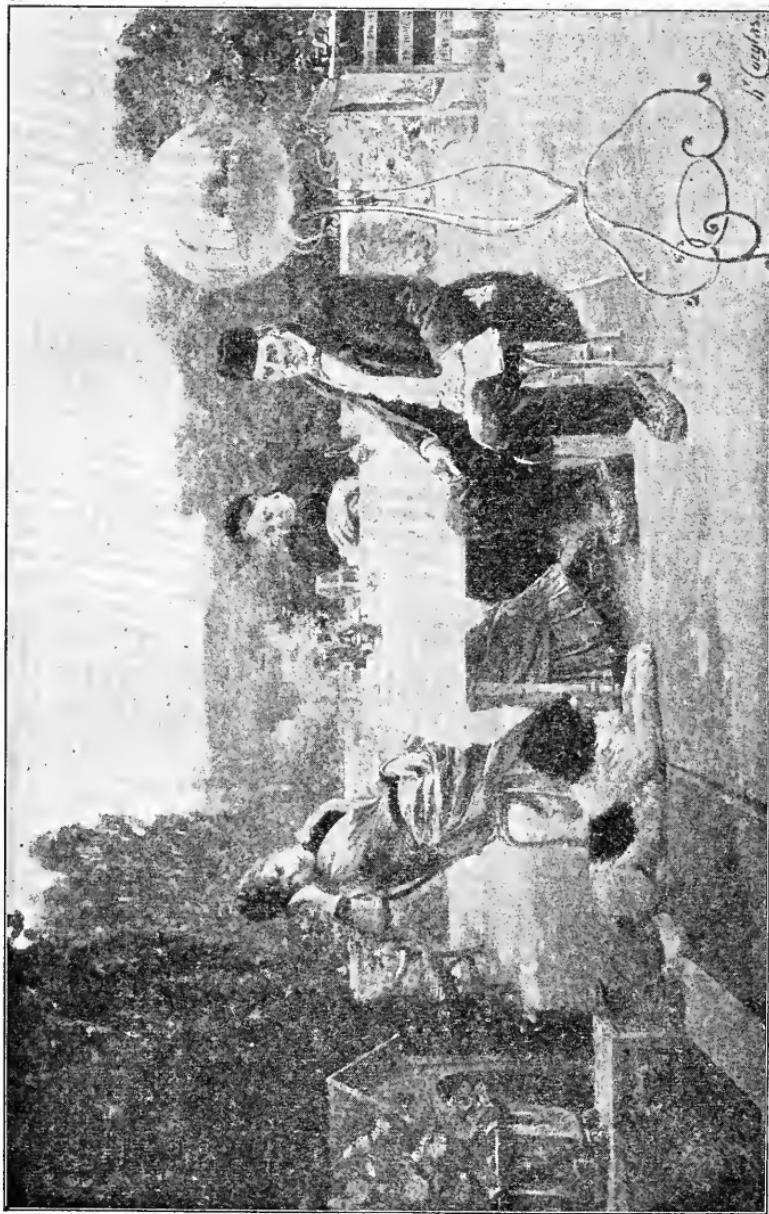
Dad blast the blamed ol' farm, I say!
Ol' sun comes down so hot to-day,
 An' air's so still,
You'd ruther jes' lay off aroun',
An' try the shade, er live in town.
 Git up there, Bill!

Ol' plow keeps goin' *bump-te-bump*,
An' allus strikes a stone er stump,
 Jes' when you will,
Make out the farm's the best on earth.
It seems to me thet she ain't worth
 A cent. *Haw, Bill!*

Ef it don't rain 'fore 'nother day,
She'll be so dry she'll blow away.
 It's cloudy. Still,
Thet ain't no sign it's shore to rain.
Ol' sun will soon be out again.
 Git round there, Bill!

I wish I had a house in town.
I'd paint the doors an' winders brown,
 An' take an' fill,
Her up with cheers, an' stands, an' sich,
An' take life easy, hev things rich.
 Come round there, Bill!

But thinkin' on it, now it's fall,
I jes' can't leave the farm at all.
 Kin go slip-slosh,
Around the barn in these ol' clothes,
An' smell the hay—*GIT UP!* There goes
 The bell, by josh!



(98)

The joys of bein' rich.

HUCKLEBERRY TIME.

Don't talk of city comforts er the joys of bein' rich,
Fer I'm clean sick an' tired of yer sociables an' sich,
Er gassin' with yer store clothes on—nigh all there is to do,
Except to stand down by the track and watch the keers
go through.

I'd ruther be a humpin' 'round my Ripley county farm,
Er snoozin' in the orchard when the sun wuz shinin'
warm.

Could hev more fun out there to-day without a silver
dime—

A hivin' bees er—ge-men-ee ! It's huckleberry time !

Suppose thet all the wheat an' hay wuz sweatin' in the
stacks—

So dry among the stubble thet you couldn't see yer
tracks.

No use to turn a fury tell we git some wetter weather.
Jes' ketch them spankin' two-year-olds an' hitch 'em up
together,

An' run the two-horse wagon out, put on the new spring
seat,

With boards fer all the youngsters, an' some grub fer us
to eat.

Yer stylish city sociables will wake up some and climb
To beat the fun in Slater's marsh in huckleberry time !

Maybe we'll pick a quart er two to kinda git the swing,
Then size a nest of hornets up an' listen to 'em sing,
Er ketch one of 'em setting' sort o' spittin' on his hands,
L. of C.

An' figger'n out a plan to pay the taxes on his lands,
Then ef you want a picnic thet will liven up yer mind,
Jes' throw to-backer at him an' fergit the way behind !
Don't need no stand-up collar on er every word to rhyme,
To hev a country picnic long in huckleberry time.

It's fun to eat yer dinner when you've got an appetite.
Don't need no circus lemonade to make it taste jes' right.
Kin drive home in the evenin', jes' ez happy ez kin be,
An' hear the youngsters tellin' of the funny things they
see.

An' kin go to bed contented an' with nary beer er wine,
Hev dreams of snakes a growin' on a huckleberry vine.
With something worth the savin' an' a glad an' merry
time,

You'll shorely feel contented with your "huckleberry
time."

Give me a country picnic, now; an' you kin hev the rest ;
Than all your city doin's, w'y, I sorto like it best.
Take all yer promenadin's, an' yer sociables an' sich,
Thet come to ever' feller when he gits to bein' rich.
If sich things suit yer feelin's why, it's where you orto be,
But joys thet comes when one is pore is good enough
fer me.

Give me a Ripley county farm when nature's in her prime;
I ruther hev it than yer town in huckleberry time !



WHEN THE GOLD IS ON THE WHEAT.

There is rythmn in the music of the rivulet and stream,
There is joyfulness supernal in the nodding daisy's dream,
There's a cadence rare, eternal from the meadow and
the hill,

In the whisper of the breezes as they sing their songs to fill,
Every heart to overflowing, every soul with solace sweet;
When the red is on the clover and the gold is on the
wheat!

There is glory in the sunshine as it sends its blessings by,
There's a holy gleam of gladness in the azure of the sky.
Nature's face is smiling out at us from every living thing;
In the valley's waiting harvest, in the mountain's bub-
bling spring.

There is never scene more perfect than the one we love
to greet,

When the red is on the clover and the gold is on the
wheat!

O my heart throbs in its gladness and my soul sings out
in prayer,

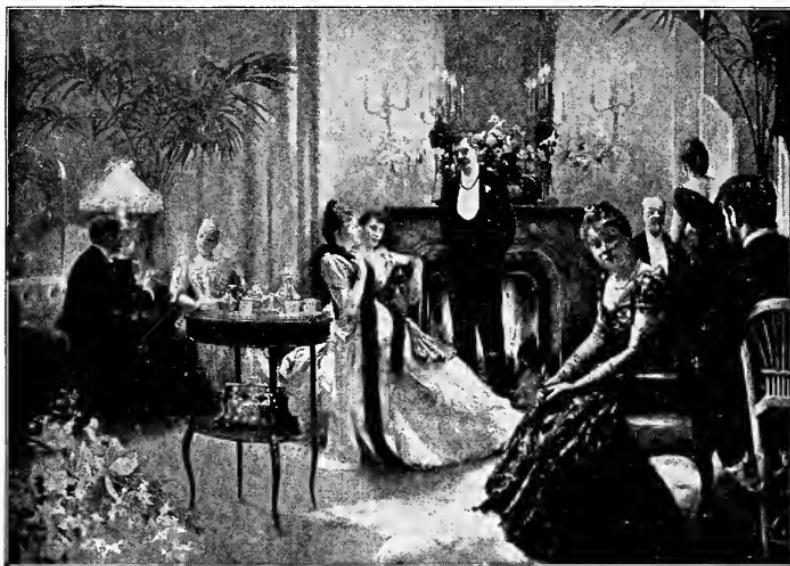
To the God of all the seasons and of this so wond'rous
fair,

For I see the perfectness of things His loving hand has
made,

And I hear his sweet voice ringing from the shadow and
the shade,

When His face is mirrored in the soul of nature so com-
plete,

When the red is on the clover and the gold is on the
wheat!



I've heard 'em say that city folks has everything so fine.

COW-PUNKIN PIE.

I've allus had an appetite thet's purty hard to beat,
An' don't believe in starvin' when there's anything to eat.
There's garden-sass an' apples, they air nice to hev around,
I like to see potaters too, a growin' in the ground,
An' mush an' milk is healthy like, ez water when yer dry,
But nothin' suits me better than a piece of punkin pie!

I've heard 'em say that city folks has everything so fine,
But I can't git that idee through this intellect of mine,
Fer when I went a visitin' at Martha's up in town,
'Twas nigh onto a week 'fore I could keep their vituals
down,

An' I would get so hungry thet I'd set right down an' cry.
An' long fer home an' mother an' a piece of punkin pie.

O how I used to watch it there, a settin' on the shelf,
An' wishin' I wuz big enough to eat it all myself.

I allus wuz so happy when, with night a drawin' nigher,
We all would be a settin' snug aroun' the kitchen fire,
Fer when 'twas time to go to bed, we youngsters all
would cry,

Then skip to bed a laughin' with a piece of punkin pie.

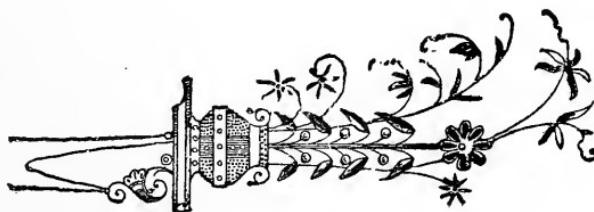
It's allus been my favorite since I wuz jes' a boy,
An' it's a blessin' of the past, thet fills my mind with joy,
An' even yet it's comfortin', when workin' hard all day,
An' plannin' on a savin' somethin' fer to lay away,
To know thet all the youngsters an' their mother settin'
nigh,

An' we kin hev at night, to eat, a big cow-punkin pie.

I've tended meetin's regular, an' kept the Sabbath too,
I've tried to do the best I could—all any one kin do.

But ef when I am dead, I find the life I've led wuz
wrong,

I'll go whur I'm deservin'—there'll be some to go along,
An' ef my home there ain't ez cool ez others, er ez high,
I'll be content, ef I kin hev a big cow-punkin pie !



MOTHER'S EIGHTY-THREE.

It's nigh about Thanksgivin' time an Winter's comin'
'round,

With snows a fallin' soft like an' a kiverin' of the ground.

It's evenin' an' I hear the wind a whistlin' along;

A cheerin' of a feller like an ol' camp-meetin' song.

I'm settin' by the fire an' kin hear its soothin' sound,

An' watch the shadders on the wall a caperin' around,

With mother in the kitchen settin', sewin', that-a-way,

Er restin', sorto dreamin'—she's jes' eighty-three to-day!

She's dreamin' of the future, er the past; no matter
which,

Fer 'tain't no wrong, I reckon, an' she never drops a
stitch.

The fire's blazin' brighter, an' it shines upon her hair,
Which looks ez white—ez if some flakes of snow had
drifted there.

With her heart is hidin' yet the treasures of a life,
Thet's known the joys of womanhood, the sweetness of
a wife,

The kindness of a mother, an' the pain to lay away
The dearest ones on earth to her—she's eighty-three
to-day!

I orto got a present fer her—thet she might hev found
Beside her plate, like I do when my birthday comes
around,

(A stick of candy, maybe, er sometimes a furry cap,
An' new red scarf), er tuck it to her, laid it in her lap,

An' seen her pick it up an' laugh er, like enough, she'd
cry—
I swan! my eyes air leakin'—don't know jes' the reason
why,
An' somethin's sorto fillin' of my throat up all the way,
An' mother's gittin' feeble—she's jes' eighty-three to-day!
I tell you whut I b'lieve I'll do—I wonder whut she'd say,
To hear a great big boy like me a goin' on this way?
I'll jes' go out—out there a spell an tell her all about
The way I feel down in my heart, jes' why I'm cryin' out,
An' how she's allus been so good to me an' all the rest,
An' how I'm missin' father too, to-night, an' I'll be blest,
Ef I—*ef I don't kiss her!* Purty big to act that way,
But I feel ez ef I orto—she's jes' eighty-three to-day!

—————[o]————

THE HAPPY HEART.

O happy is the heart which helps the sad,
And with its friendly feeling makes them glad ;
The sweetest joy of earth our hearts can know,
Is lifting up the fallen as we go.

There is but one life for us each to live.
The rarest joys we know are those we give,
The brightest smiles are those we cast away,
To cheer some fallen brother by the way.

O happy is the heart like that above,
Which gives the poor and needy all its love,
That with some kindness brightens every day,
And lives to teach the world a better way.



And Cousin Hetty dancing around with good old fashioned grace.

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The ice was on the river, and the snow was on the hill,
The oaks and hick'ries on "The Ridge" looked solemnly
and still,
Beneath the moon beams golden, on the drifts along the
way,
The stars shone bright, as if to change the darkness
into day.
Jack Frost was out and danced about, while singing here
and there,
The sleigh-bells sent their melody to greet him in the air.
The breath upon the horses' flanks froze as we passed
along,
While floating far behind us lay the gladness of our song.
'Twas New Years eve, a happy crowd in laughter joined
the din,

Along the road to Uncle John's, to watch the New Year in.
The chimney fire sent its beams along the oaken floor,
And bounded up the chimney with a crackle and a roar,
With apples toasting by the hearth in rows so sweet and
brown,
The swinging crane and kettle with its syrup boiling
down,
*D*The table and old fashioned dishes laughing to the brim,
The soft and soothing music of the old accordeon,
And uncle with his fiddle, and familiar, smiling face,
And Cousin Hetty dancing round with good old fashioned
grace ;
In nothing but the Paradise where gladness sports and
runs.
We watched the New Year as it came in, out at Uncle
John's.
The way was long, the moon was low, and reddened in
the West,
Then hid his face behind "The Ridge," to take his
wonted rest,
From far ahead we heard the laughing jingle of the bells,
And Jack Frost echoed it behind and out and in the dells,
The ice upon the river creaked a farewell as we crossed,
The snow upon the treetops made a picture never lost,
My heart was full of gladness and another by my side,
Had watched a year go out and in with Love's same
swelling tide.
'Tis hallowed in our memory—we're happy when it comes,
To New Year's eve—we watched one come in out at
Uncle John's,

A CLEANIN' OUT.

I've been to celebrations, and to picnics, an' to shows,
An' laughed to see 'em with the joy, that ever' youngster
knows,

But my, them things ain't nothin' side of all the fun
we had,

A cleanin' out the school-house, when I wuz a little tad.

The teacher usto send us off so's not to bother none,
But when the water wuz a b'ilin' hot, w'y back we'd
come,

Pour some water on the fire, tip the kettle over,
Put some spiders on the girls, you orto heard 'em holler.

Then when the little teacher come a stompin' out the
door,

We'd souce some water on him—run, an' not come back
no more,

Climb up the trees an' watch 'em while they's scrubbin'
up the floor,

An' winders, an' a chasin' of each other through the
door.

O talk about yer picnic's—it jes' knocks the fun clean
out,

O' them, to be a helpin' when they cleaned the school-
house out.

It sets my heart a thumpin' an' I see it now ez plain,
Ez ef I wuz a youngster helpin' clean her out again !



Jes' you watch 'em ez they hunt aroun' to find a shady tree.

THE OL' SETTLER'S MEETING.

Soro sets yer heart a jumpin' when you see 'em drivin' in,
 With the youngsters an' the baskets on behind,
 Fer to 'tend the meetin' an' their eyes seem kind o'twinklin',
 With the happiness they know they're shore to find.

Jes' you watch 'em ez they hunt aroun' to find a shady tree,
 Whur they halter up their horses to a wheel,
 While they give 'em of the ears of corn er clover hay, maybe,
 An' it's likely you kin guess jes' how they feel.

You kin tell 'em by the wrinkles an' the tan upon their
 face,
 Er their silvered hair, er pore an' shakin' hand,
 By the dust upon the hick'ry shirt an' on the faded lace,
 Ez they gether close around the speaker's stand.

An' the baskets! How a feller nearly bungs his eyes clean
cut,

Jes' to see the things within 'em paċked away;
Pies an' biscuits, yeller butter—you can't see 'em all
without,

Wishin' you could eat along with 'em to-day.

Ez they talk about the weather, how they cleared their
places up,

Of camp meetin's an' the good ol' songs they sung;
How it makes their hearts grow happy, how it lights
their faces up,

Thinkin' of the joyous days when they wuz young!

See 'em drivin' home at ev'nin' ez contented ez kin be—
There is nothin' half ez comfortin' ez then,

With its mem'ries of the lovin' friends an' funny sights
they see,

'Till the next year when they kin come back again.

O it sets my heart a jumpin' like ez ef 'twas comin' out,
So's 'at ever' one would feel jes' that-a-way,
Runnin' over with the happiness that sends it blessin' out,
To the ol' folks an' their happy holiday!



IN YOUTH'S TIME.

In youth's time, comes the reign of Play,
Which, unimproved, into our lives may bring,
A heart regretful at its ill-spent day,
A moody mind, displeased with everything.

In youth's time, is the place to heed,
The counsel kind, which loving lips bestow ;
That guarding hands our paths may never need,
To turn us from despair or purpose low.

In youth's time, is the day to guard,
Against an unkind word or angry deed,
Lest future meditations may be marred,
By mem'ry's sting, when 'tis too late to heed.

In youth's time, is the time to shun ;
All selfish thoughts, to prize all friendship high,
For habits grow in carelessness begun,
To be a rule to measure all things by.

In youth's time, is the garden spot,
In which to plant the seeds of cheerfulness.
A happy face bespeaks a happy thought,
And smiles may win what frowns can ne'er possess,

In youth's time, is the training time,
In which to clip the wrong and nurse the good,
So, like the vine thus aided, we may climb,
To joys of useful man and womanhood.

THE SNOW STORM.

Last eve the earth was bare and brown,
At night the snow came softly down ;
This morn o'er every hill and dale
There lies a lovely, spotless veil.

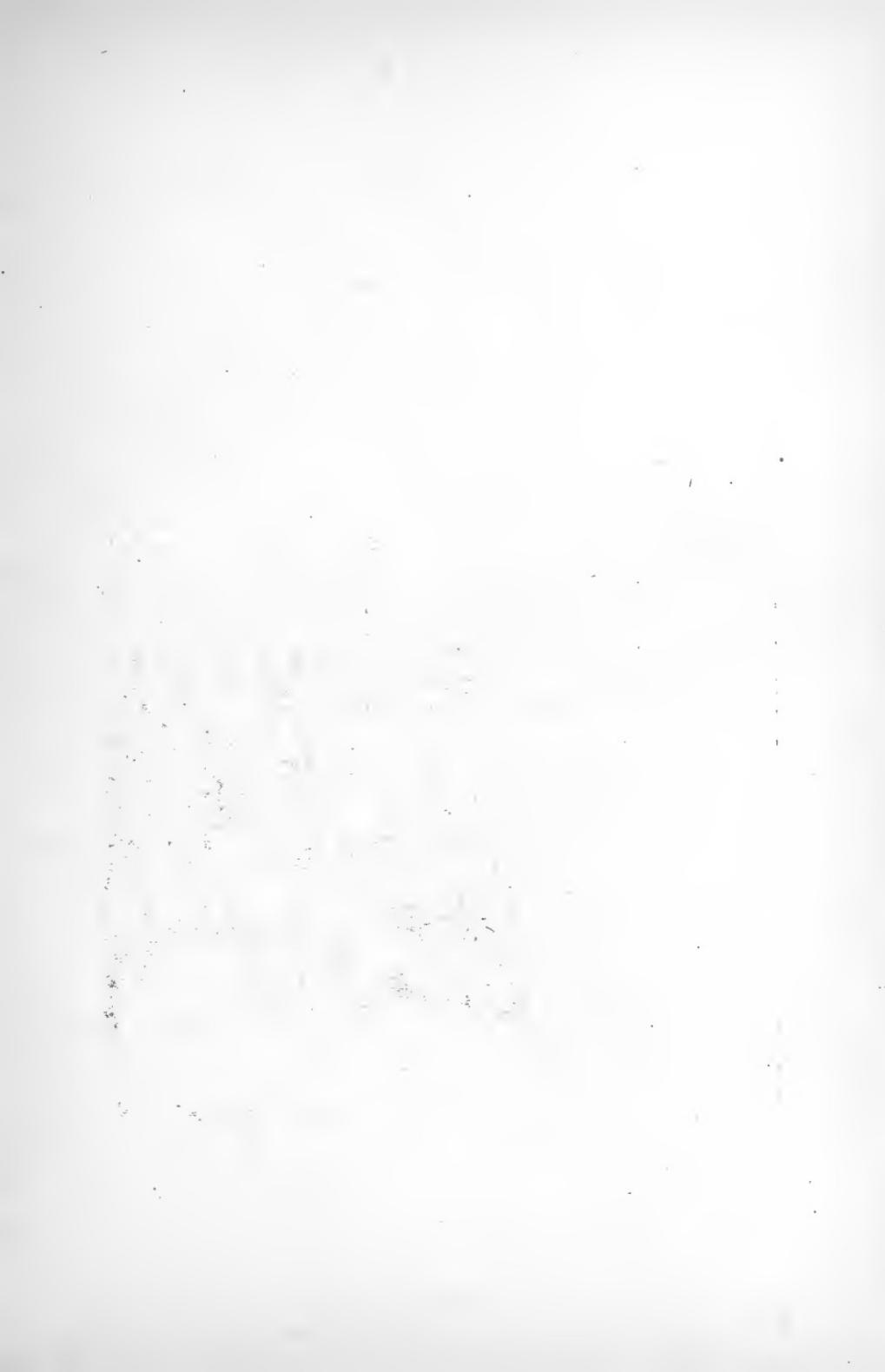
Of nature's gifts 'tis 'mong the best,
The purest and the loveliest ;
The eye must search with studied care,
To find than snow a scene more fair.

Not where the city's narrowed street,
Is tracked by wheels and hurried feet,
But where o'er vale and hill it lies—
A phase of rural paradise !

Count not the clime unknown to snow,
As 'mong the rarest here below ;
Without a snow flake's mute caress,
It looses much of perfectness.

Come, you with painter's art inborn,
And touch a picture of this morn ;
If faithful to the scene it be,
Your fame shall live eternally.







Then whistle the dog up an' take my gun.

(114)

A BLUE'S CURE.

Whenever I'm struck with a fit of blues,
An' the farm don't seem to pay;
Whenever it seems thet the time I loose,
Here a farmin' is throwed away,
I jes' say to Mary, "Don't worry none,
Ef I ain't back home 'till night,"
Then whistle the dog up an' take my gun,
An' stomp off out of sight.

I strike fer the "knobs," er the "medder," say;
It depends on the weather, which;
There's squirrls on the "knobs" of a rainy day,
An' the "medder's" fer quails an' sich.
It's nothin' to us to which place we go,
Fer we know 'em both the same;
The trees thet air high, ever' bush thet's low,
Whur we've been after game.

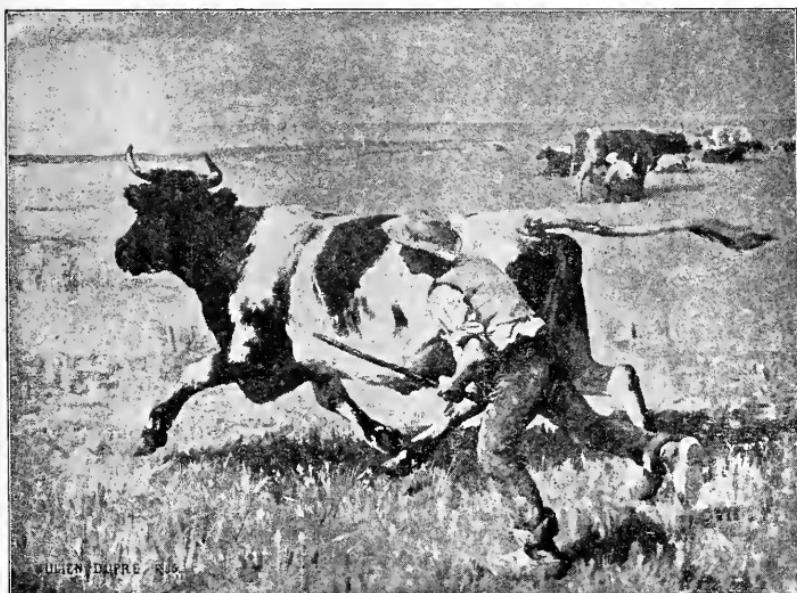
Ef game's lookin' skeerse, w'y I help the dog,
Fer to hunt an' skeer 'em out,
An' ef it is plenty, set on a log,
An' jes' whistle an' look about.
Then maybe a rabbit will come 'long by,
An' I'll raise my gun an' fire;
It's likely I'll find thet I shot too high,
Er orto shot some higher.

I ain't any hunter by blood er trade,
An' my gun ain't of the best.
It's some in the sight an' my eyes wuz made,

Fer to shoot jes' in fun, at rest,
But gladness thet comes in a stroll around,
With my dog an' my ol' gun,
Is sweeter than any I've ever found—
A kind of boyish fun.

So thet when I come around home at night,
An' with Mary set 'side the fire,
The days thet air comin' seem far more bright,
An' the way into Heaven, nigher.
So when it jes' seems thet the work I've done,
Ain't a payin' its way jes' right,
I whistle the dog up an' take my gun,
An' stomp off out of sight.





And drove the cows to water.

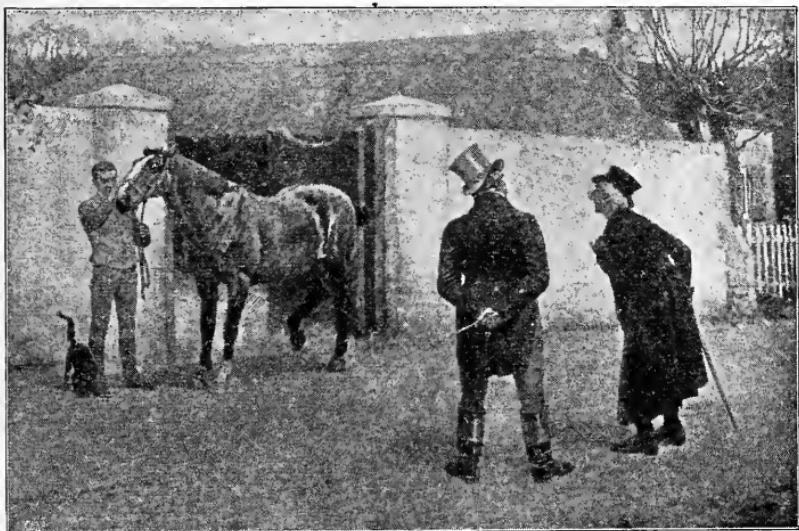
LIKE FATHER USED TO DO.

You kin talk about the chances of a feller's gittin' rich
Now side of whut they used to be—no ridin' plows an' sich,
Some how er other I hev kind of got it in my head,
There's better plans fer farmin' so's 'at one kin keep ahead,
Than them you find writ up in books fer city folks to read,
Thet tells a feller jes' how deep an' when to sow his seed.
I allus sow ol' fashioned an' when I strike somethin' new,
I start the thing ez nigh's I kin like father used to do.

I hev allus been the blamdest chap to paddern after dad—
My whiskers an' my hair air red an' skeerse—jes' like
he had.

Remember when a youngster, how he'd tell me whut
he'd done,
When he wuz young—shot injuns, wolves 'an sich, an'
never run,
'Till I got so full of idees that I couldn't sleep at night,
Kept a pop-gun underneath my piller—dreamt the
blamedest sight,
And drove the cows to water mornin's, allus called the
pigs,
An' hitched my britches till they come nigh half way up
my legs,
An' chawed to-backer, yanked my hair, swore ever' word
er two,
An' put salt on my pickles—jes' like father used to do.

Somehow they've sorto stuck to me an' I can't shake
'em off—
An' that's the reason why I think his ways air good
enough.
Jes' that an' knowin' I've a farm—ez nice a piece of
ground,
With jes' ez hefty crops of corn ez any feller 'round.
An' ef I figered out a plan fer life I'd likely light,
On one like his'n—take the risk of turnin' out all right.
I jes' calculate to pay my debts, when-ever they wuz
due,
An' trust the rest to luck—jes' like my father used to do.



You couldn't swap him even fer thet ol' sorr'l hoss o' mine!

THET OL' SORR'L HOSS O' MINE.

Don't talk about yer thoroughbreds, yer trotters er yer racers,

An' blow about the doin's of yer ol' string-halted pacers,
Er lengthen out the pedigree of thet ol' hoss o' brown,
Fer he's got more relation now than half the folks in town,

An' though his racin' record is in twenty-eight er nine,
You couldn't swap him even fer thet ol' sorr'l hoss o' mine.

I know there's nothin' extra fast about thet gait o' his'n,
His wind is sorto broken, you kin tell it ef you lis'n,
His legs air some'at crooked, an' his spavin interferes,
An' you kin see the droopin' of the corners of his ears,
His back's a little slantin', an' the rain runs off behin',

But still there's some redeemin' traits about thet hoss o'
mine.

His fore-top an' his mane air gone—looks sorto odd
without 'em,

His hoofs air cracked in places 'till there a:n't much style
about 'em,

His sight hes been a failin' him fer nigh a year er more,
He's lost his teeth out one by one, 'till now there's only
four,

But jes' the same I'm glad to know it's purty hard to fin',
A hoss with better appetite than thet ol' sorr'l o' mine.

His ribs air easy counted—jes' ez many ez a trotter,
He acts a little bashful when I lead him out to water ;
Like other things, he's seen his day an' sorto lost his holt,
On youth an' beauty like he had when he wuz jes' a colt.
It's been nigh on to thirty year since he went down the
line,

A spankin', prancin' two-year-old ; thet ol' sorr'l hoss o'
mine.

No matter how he looks to you, he's dearer far to me,
Then any of yer thorough-breds, a steppin' quick an' free,
Fer taint the way his hair lays down, er how he holds
his head,

Er chomps away at clover in his stall there in the shed,
But when I wuz a youngster, I worked stormy days an'
shine,

An' give my summer's wages fer thet ol' sorr'l hoss o'
mine.

We worked together many years, an' never shirked a day,
Although in snowy Winter time, we got but little pay,
An' when 'twas hot in Summer we would both work
harder yet,

They paid us better wages then, an' we saved all we'd
get,

Until at last I bought a home an' married Adaline;
Fer all I've got I'll hev to thank thet ol' sorr'l hoss o'
mine

We're gittin' sorto feeble now—we'll soon be out o' harm,
But there air youngsters growin' up thet's seein' to the
farm.

The neighbors say we're purty rich—it may be thet we air,
We've got some money in the bank an' wheat is lookin'
fair,

But there air things worth more to me than seein' dollars
shine,

An' one of them's the knowin' look of thet sorr'l hoss o'
mine.

An' while thet ol' sorr'l hoss o' mine stays out on top o'
ground,

I'll see he gits the finest feed of any hoss around,
He's worth far more to me to-day than thorough-breds
an' sich,

He stood by me when I wuz pore, I'll love him when
I'm rich !

No matter whur the hosses air, no matter how so fine,
There ne'er kin be a better one, than thet sorr'l hoss o' mine !



There lies the eloquence—the mimicry,
of nature's rarest hues!

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

Thou fair creation of a dainty art,
Which brings a vision, dearer to my heart,
Than thou, my friend, wouldest ever dare to know,
Lest thou couldst ne'er have drawn those eyes aglow,
With wond'rous charms, or pictured those soft rings
Of silken tresses fair, for fear the stings
Of jealousy, might poison unto death,
Or blight some true heart with its cruel breath.
Nor wouldest thou ever dare to know the power,

Of those sweet lips, and velvet cheek, which hour
And day hold hearts enthralled by witchery.
There lies the eloquence—the mimicry,
Of nature's rarest hues! Thou wouldest not dare,
To know the many day-dreams pictured there;
The sigh, the tear, the heart strings plucked in vain,
In hope to call from out the past again,
This image thou hast pictured there so true,
It seems but yesterday I bade adieu,
To all old love dreams and the joys they knew,
And in their stead sought dearer love and new.
Thou wouldest not dare, I say, to know all this,
For fear, so knowing, thou couldst mar the bliss,
Thou bringest me; the joy, the gladness mine,
By failing in thy task of worth divine.

—[o]—

MY LOVE.

My love is a love of honor,
 Of justice and the right,
Of friendship and the brother,
 Whose mercy is his might.

My love is love for the nation,
 Whose lands the lowly trod,

And send thanks for creation,
Together to their God.

My love is a love of freedom,
Of righteousness and prayer,
Which marks the Heavenly kingdom,
On earth the best, most fair.

My love is a love of passion,
For truth and simple ways;
The humble poet's fashion—
His simple heartfelt lays.

My love is a love of nature,
And of the songs she sings;
The sweetness of her feature,
The rythm of her springs.

My love is a love of greatness,
Sought by an earnest soul,
The purity and sweetness,
Which makes its greatest goal.

My love is a love of mothers,
Whose sons and daughters rise,
As stepping stones for others,
To love within His eyes.

My love is a love of living,
So that our Lord may say,
The soul is worth the saving,
Until a better day.



You have some wond'rous song to sing ? Away ! I know thee well.

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

Away wild Muse ! I say, away !

Although thy face is sweet,
My mind is weak with toil to-day

'Tis Morpheus I would greet.

You have some wond'rous song to sing ?

Away ! I know thee well,
And better far the notes you bring,
So oft for me to tell.

My tongue has not the melody,

Thy hallowed themes to air.
Go to some practiced songster, lay
To him thy secret bare.

Then burnished with his studied grace,
And measured rythmn rare,
Thy song may cheer a coming race,
In some quaint volume fair.

Depart, wild Muse, and let me be.

Away! I say, begone!

Why doest thou stay? 'Tis plain to see,
Fit rythmn I have none.

Thou hast departed. It is well.

Good cheer to thee, my friend.

I know I can but poorly tcll,
Thy notes that they may blend.

Would I were common mortal, with
No taunting Muse's lay,
To haunt my dreams or bind my life,
With hidden melody!

Ah! what is this—an awkward scroll,
It is a rhyme I ween!

The witch has beat me after all.

And here her song is seen.



THE BATTLE OF THE CORN.

Now where but yesterday, in peace they stood,
Within the shelter of the nearby wood ;
Those proud criterions of nation's wealth,
Seem like opposing armies in the field ;
In wait, alike, the sword or palm to wield.
The distant cloud, that harbinger of rain,
Clasps with its fellows near, in longing vain,
For 'ere its face above the landscape showed,
Its realm with symbols of a conflict glowed,
And in the East—quick gathered of its kind,
All those who were of a dark and stormy mind,
And massed together there await the sound,
Of war, 'ere they with rain-shot flood the ground.
Swift hurried to the scene, the winds go by,
And start a battle in the corn-field nigh,
Where row by row, as man by man there, stands
In mute array their strong and trusty bands.
By companies and regiments along,
They gather courage in a battle song,
Then as anew the wind sweeps o'er the field,
Each stalk presents on high its tasseled shield,
While helmets nod their plumes of bright design,
As if in court of Providence divine,
Then wild the storm sweeps o'er the field amain,
And leaves the scenes of conflict in its train ;
The sabers flash, the crash of swords is heard,
Like roar of cannon comes the thunder's word,
And hand to hand, they grapple side by side.

The wave of war rolls o'er the meadow wide.
Each picks his foe and strives, with studied art,
To match his guard, or pierce some vital part.
Side wise they sway, then back in close embrace,
While mimic steel and buckler gleam apace.
One crowds the other back, then quickly turns,
And shares the brief respite his courage earns.
Then fast and faster they their blows exchange,
Until the vanquished totters out of range.
So o'er the field the wave of battle spreads,
While ensigns flaunt their flag o'er fallen heads,
'Till lulls the battle by the whirlwinds calm,
And cooled the wounded by the raindrops balm.
Again they stand as 'ere the storm began ;
Battalion to battalion, man to man ;
In wait 'till from its home the sunbeam creeps,
And o'er the battle field fond virgil keeps.



THE TWO ROADS.

There are only two roads we may travel, I say,
You must go one of them, there is no other way.
All the millions of people the past ages through,
Have been plodding along on one way of these two.



In the distance ahead on this road, you can see,
What you think is a symbol of glories to be

On one road you would find many beautiful flowers,
Growing wild by the wayside in cool shady bowers,
But alas! when you pluck them their beauty to share,
All the fragrance is gone from their petals so fair.

In the distance ahead on this road, you can see,
What you think is a symbol of glories to be,
But when near to the end of your journey you find,
All the glories you hoped for, are trampled behind.

On the other highway, many trials and tears,
Will beset you as onward you climb thro' life's years,
But at last when triumphant you come to the end,
They will turn into joys all your troubles to mend.

By the wayside on this road bright flow'rs you may find,
If you only search for them, though palsied and blind,
And when once they are gathered, their fragrance so rare,
Never fades, but forever will sweeten the air.

Do you want me to show you these roads—only two,
One of which you must follow—the choice lies with you?
You may travel the road which is bright to the grave,
Then is darkened with sins from which nothing can save.

Or the other one saddened with trials and care,
But which ends in a joy everlasting and fair.
Then be careful in life which your journey along,
On the road of the *Right* or the road of the *Wrong*.



THE VOICES I HEAR IN THE NIGHT.

They seem calling to me from the darkness of night,
As I musingly sit in my room,
And they cheer up my heart 'till it throbs with delight,
And dispel all its sorrow and gloom.

As I listen I fancy their owners I see,
And their faces are beaming with light,
And a part of their gladness is given to me,
From the voices I hear in the night.

And they whisper to me of a time that is past,
And of scenes that I never shall see,
But on Memory's page, which is dimming so fast,
That it seems like a vision to me.
But the words that they whisper, bright pictures recall,
And with joys of the past they are bright,
Though as on them I gaze, oft' a tear-drop may fall,
For the voices I hear in the night.

And among them is one that is soothing to me,
Though it trembles with trouble and care,

And in fancy once more I can kneel at her knee,
And repeat my first innocent prayer.

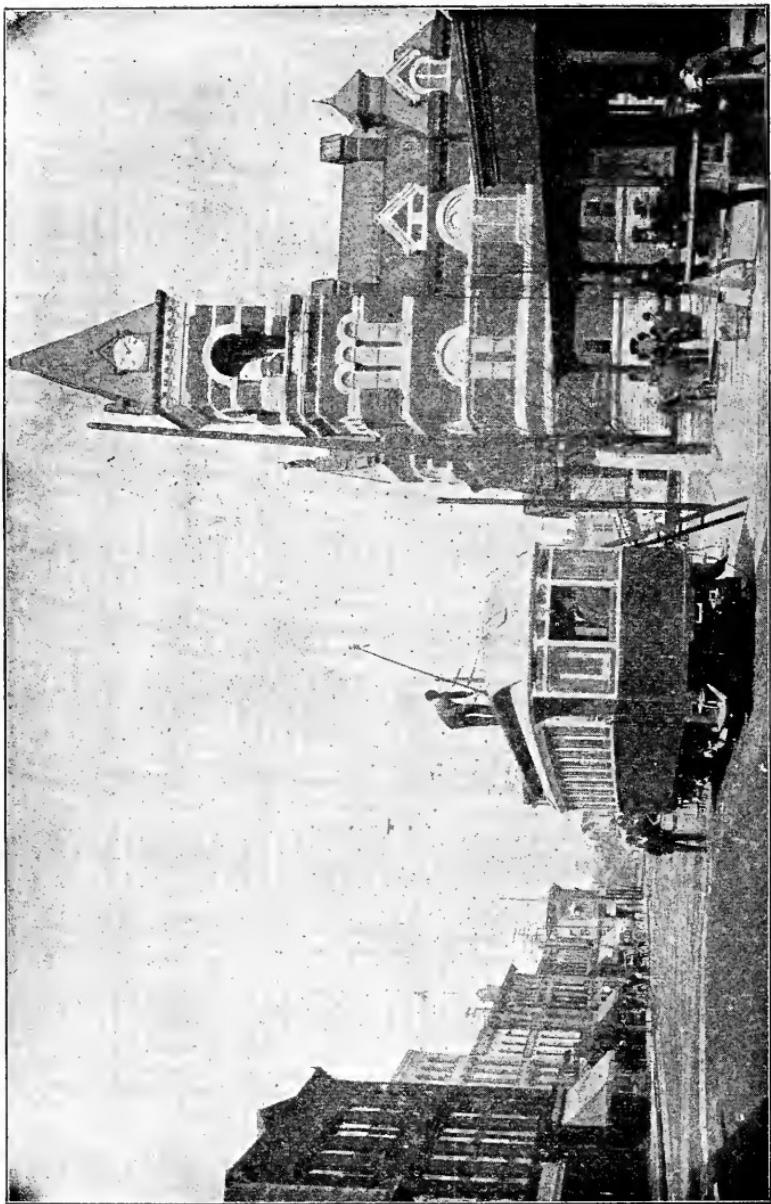
'Tis the sweetest of all—'tis my mother, I hear,
As she points out the way to the right;
There is solace as sweet and a memory dear,
In the voices I hear in the night.

And another is whispering, one that I know,
Long ago it was music to me,
And regretful I brush off the tear drops that flow,

As in fancy her outlines I see.
It was naught but a sunbeam of romance that fell,
Which has long ago vanished from sight,
And the only thing left of love's story to tell,
Are the voices I hear in the night.

How I love them ! Those voices that whisper to me,
From a land that is distant and lone,
Of the scenes of my childhood which ever will be,
Far the sweetest I ever have known.
Let them whisper again, and with joy I will hear,
Though my tears dim the pictures so bright,
Here's my hand and my heart to the loved ones so dear,
With the voices I hear in the night.





(134)

Fer we'll soon hev a 'Lectric car line right through LaGrange.

THE 'LECTRIC LINE.

Take away yer auter mobiles an' yer bicycles an' sich,
 Dump yer sulkies an' yer kerriges an' wagons in the ditch,
 Turn yer hosses out to pastur', let the colts go wild an' free,
 Fer in a year from now they'll all be useless ez kin be,
 An' only fit fer relics ; scrto cur'ous like an' strange—
 Fer we'll soon hev a 'Lectric car line

Right
Through
LaGrange !

It's bound to be the finest thing thet ever struck the town,
 With cars a glidin' over it, up ever' hill an' down.
 An' this is all you'll hev to do; put on yer meetin' clothes
 An' wait down at the corner whur the 'Lectric car line goes,
 Then when one stops git "all aboard" an' hand 'em up
 yer change,
 An' off you go a skally-hootin',

Right
Through
LaGrange !

We're learnin' city doin's at a most surprisin' rate !
 We've Lecture Courses, Wimen's clubs an' socials, up-to-date,
 A company of soldier boys thet's trainin' up fer fight,
 An' lodges 'till there's one er more a meetin' ever' night ;
 There's Elks an' Knights an' Macabees an' Woodmen an'
 the Grange—
 An' 'Lectric cars will soon be flyin'

Right
Through
LaGrange !

Then feed yer turkeys close to home an' learn yer dog his name,

Fer if the cars run over sich they say thet you're to blame.
Let go the news from foreign parts an' make yer strongest holts,

The 'lectric fluid, none-conducters, batteries and volts,
So you'll know how the dynamo, a lightnin' flash kin change,

To power thet sends the street cars hummin',

Right

Through

LaGrange !

Jes' keep yer eyes wide open for they're comin' shore ez fate,
They'll run on time in future though they're at it late.

Take down yer fiddle, tune it up an' rosum up the bow,
An' practice on a welcomin' like they deserve, you know,
We'd live wfthout 'em, maybe, but we hanker after change,
We want the 'Lectric street car runnin',

Right

Through

LaGrange !

Take away yer auter mobiles an yer bicycles an' sich,
Dump yer sulkies an' yer kerriges an' wagons' in the ditch,
Turn yer hosses out to pastur', let the colts go wild an' free,
Fer in a year from now they'll all be useless ez kin be,
An' only fit fer relics ; sorto cur'ous like an' strange—
Fer we'll soon hev a 'Lectric car line,

Right

Through

LaGrange !

ABOUT THANKSGIVIN' TIME.

Thanksgivin' day is nearly here ; kin tell it by the way,
The hosses keeps a eyein' of the clover in the bay,
The way the ol' cow chews her cud, the shanghai rooster
crows,

An' by my heart's a jumpin' with the happiness that goes,
Romancin' through a feller 'till he feels it in his toes ;
A kind of gladness of his own that ever'feller knows,
That stops to think this time o' year. It's best writ up
in rhyme,

Fer a soothin' sort o' song,

Like it comes around in, 'long
About Thanksgivin' time.

You see the snow a fallin' an' the hay stacks ever' morn,
An' siftin' through the gran'ry door an' sparklin' on the
corn,

An' think about the 'taters an' the apples big an' red,
In bins down cellar, an' the nuts in heaps up overhead,
Of all the youngsters livin', an' our Jim come home to
stay,

An' mother settin' by the fire whur we uso play;
Jes' sets a feller dreamin' with his heart a keepin' time,
To the music soft an' low,
Comin' from the long ago,
About Thanksgivin' time.

It sets him thinkin'—dreamin' of jes' how he uso feel,
A standin' an' a stirrin' of the kettle full o' meal,
An' watched the table waitin' with a place fer ever' one,

With pies an' cake an' gravy, mashed potaters good an' done,

An' turkey jes' a spilin' 'cause the com'ny's comin' late—
It's hard on little fellers in the time they hev to wait,
With mouth a waterin' an' eyes a sorto leakin'—mine

Air a blurrin' some to-night,

Ez I watch the fire light,

About Thanksgivin' time.

It sets a feller thinkin' of the things he never see,
Thet's allus helped to make him jes' ez happy ez kin be,
From when he wuz a youngster; scattered 'long through
ever' day,

'Till he is old an' feeble, ready, nigh, to lay away,
An' even then a feller, ef he's done the best he kin,
Might figger out a better place he'll soon be restin' in,
An even git the idee that he owes it all to Him,

Who our longin' understands,

Comes an' takes us by the hands,

About Thanksgivin' time.





An' get in circles—dance an' sing.

BROWNIES.

My grandpa sez when boys like me,
Are ist ez good ez they kin be,
An' don't get mad an'sass their pa,
Ner runs away er bothers ma,
Er cries fer pie when there ain't none,
Ner grabs his spectacles an' run ;
W'y then there is
Some little folkses,
'At's Brownies, et lives in the wood,
'At likes to see,
Little boys like me,
And girls too et tries to be good.

Lives in the wood in brush an' trees,
Has little homes of sticks an' leaves,
An' sleeps all day an' don't wake up,
Till night tyme when the clouds break up.
An' then they puts on coats an' hats
An' long toed shoes, an' kitches bats
 With strings ahead,
 Of carts er sled,
Nen all at once away they go,
 'Ith might an' main,
 Across the plain,
To whur the good boys lives, you know.

They're jes' ez teeny an' ez nice,
An' come around ez still ez mice,
An' get in circles—dance an' sing,
An' scare off bad from everything.
An' then they stop an' go away,
So when you git up 'gin to play,
 You can't be hurt,
 Er git all dirt,
Because the Brownies came to you.
 Ez you wuz good,
 May be you could
Next time, ketch one er two.

Grandpa haint seen 'em, but "hern tell"
About 'em, 'an that's jes' ez well.
Fer grandpa's big an' ought to know,
Jes' how they do—he told me so.
An' sed some night 'fore long maybe,

They might come here, then we could see,
 'Em—him an' me,
 Ef I'd jes' be,
 Ez good ez I knowned how to be.
 I'm goin' to try,
 An' by an' by,
 They'll come an' we'll ketch one, maybe.

—————[o]————

SHE'LL NOT BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

She'll not be with you always, dears,
 Your mother, kind and true,
 To share your joys, dispel your fears,
 And soothe life's way for you.

She'll not be with you always, though
 She still seems young and gay;
 Her eyes grow dim, her steps more slow,
 Her hair is streaked with gray.

She'll not be with you always, dears,
 Make light the cross she bears ;
 Take from her heart the sighs, the fears,
 Take from her mind the cares.

She'll not be with you always, dears,
 All earthly ties must end,
 In sad farewells, in shrouded biers,
 In grief that heart-strings bend.

She'll not be with you always ; near's
 The gate to Heav'n above.
 Then take her to your hearts, my dears,
 And tell her of your love !

SHE WILL LOVE YOU JUST THE SAME.

Though far adown the road of sin and sorrow you may stray,
'Till friends who one day loved you well all coldly turn away,
'Till songs that once have touched your heart no more the way will light,
And hopes that long your future cheered have faded in the night;
There's still a heart whose holy love will light the way for you,
There's yet a friend whose counsel kind will faded hopes renew;
For though the record of your past be dark with sin and shame,
If you go back to mother—she will love you just the same.

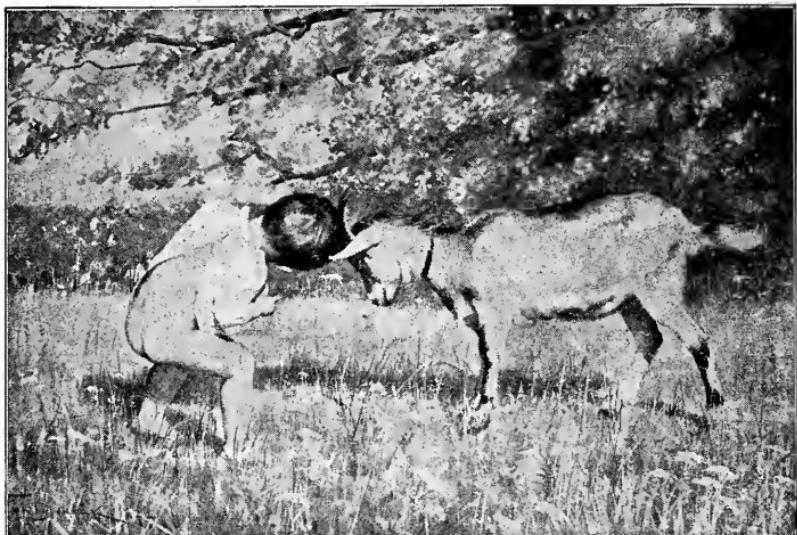
No matter what your sin may be, 'twill make your heart rejoice,
To see again her loving face and hear her kindly voice.
And as within her fond embrace your dark disgrace you tell,
Fast in her fading eyes the tears of sympathy will well.
For though her heart be broken, though her cherished hopes are gone,
And vows in childhood given were forgotten one by one,
Her trembling hand will find a way to lift the load of blame,
When she has heard your story she will love you just the same.

THE MAINE.

When 'neath the waves our battleship,
The Maine, sank down to rest,
Then rose the spirit of the brave,
Within a nation's breast,
And from its proud and honored light,
In wrath, its pinions spread,
The symbol of our country came,
And hovered o'er its dead.

Then Freedom wept in grief to see,
The flag she long had held,
In triumph over land and sea,
By low born traitors felled,
Without a single cheer or roar,
From cannon's mouth to tell,
The world of her defenders, or
How gallantly they fell.

Aye, call it accident, but grant,
That from our honored sires,
Still lives a spark of liberty,
Lit by celestial fires.
A nation's heart in pity throbs!
In blood and fire red,
Shall be erased the record of,
Maine and her honored dead!



An' so I joined the Lodge, Matilda, got the papers too.

WHY I JOINED THE LODGE.

Yes, I've joined the Lodge, Matilda, tuck the very last
degree,

Now don't be angry with me wife, you're worth the world
to me.

Yes, I knew you'd be against it, so I thought I'd jes'
keep still

'Till I wuz through then tell you—you may blame me ef
you will,

But I'll tell you jes' the reason—wait, my dear, 'till I
am through.

Then forgive me er condemn me—I could trust my life
to you !

Fate has sort o' been agin' us, though I can not tell jes'
why,

Sorto turned the ol' wheel backward—up the hill to
you an' I.

True, we hadn't much to start with, but it wuzn't that,
I fear,

Ez much ez havin' crops a failure since we moved in here.
There's allus somethin' turnin' up in time to spoil our plan,
The crops air poor, er youngsters sick—we've stood it
an' we can,

But when a feller's heart sick ; sorto laid up on the shelf,
There's nothin' better than a friend who loves you like
hisself,

The neighbors hev been kind to us, Matilda, you an' me,
The hands thet they've held out to us were lovin' ez kin be,
But they've got farms to manage, an' it keeps 'em busy too,
Without much time fer others, ef they manage to pull
through.

You recollect we used to go to meetin' up in town,
O' Sundays in the wagon or along with neighbor Brown.
The church is good, I reckon, but it kinda seems to be,
'Twas made fer stylish people, not fer folks like you an' me.
We allus felt so awkward there—we couldn't dress so fine,
An' some o' them stuck up their noses at thet rig o' mine,
I didn't feel like goin', 'specially after Lucy died;
We two wuz wound up in her—allus kissed us fer the ride.
Well, with nothin' left to cheer us, 'ceptin' jes' the neigh-
bors here,

With nary kith er kin around to share our trials, dear,
I somehow tuck to thinkin'—whut ef I should hev to go!
With no one left to care for you it would be hard, I know.

An' so I joined the Lodge, Matilda, got the papers too,
Drawed up to say thet ef I die they'll pay so much to you.
An' now it's been nigh on two years, an' ever' time I go
To town, I meet with brothers there—they're true ez gold
I know!

An' they're to hev a dinner—let me see—some time next
week,

A chap we knew in Indiany, Wilson's goin' to speak.
You'll plan to go, Matilda, fer they shorely want you to,
I promised them I wouldn't come at all unless you do.
An' guess that's all—now wife, I pray, don't be too harsh
with me,

I'm sorry I've deceived you—you are all the world to me.
What dear, don't cry; forgive me, fer I thought 'twas for
the best.

Don't need to? W'y Matilda, thet wuz better'n all the
rest,

Lots sweeter than the kisses thet I usto like to get,
Before we two were married—'fore I joined the Lodges yet!



SINCE THE EARTHQUAKE STRUCK US.

I guess, by jocks, I'll move to town,
 Ol' farm is turned clean upside down.
 Roan cow won't eat her hay, the calf
 Jes' stands around an' tries to laugh,
 Won't drink its milk ner eat its chop.
 The pig don't seem to keer fer slop,
 An' everything's got wuss an' wuss—
 Until they're in an awful muss,

S ea ke st
 en the rth a ru us!!!
 ce qu ck

The hosses spraddles out their legs,
 The speckled hen eats up the eggs,
 Ol' dog jes' stands an' barks an' growls,
 Tell all the others wakes an' howls.
 Clean which an' tethered thro' an' thro',
 Jes' cut up things they never knew.
 Ol' cat sets out there on the fence,
 An' makes the blamedest racket since

S ea ke st
 en the rth a ru us!!!
 ce qu ck

I don't know what on earth to do !
 I've give 'em salt an' ashes too.
 Would like to help 'em ef I could,
 But all I've tried has done no good.
 I reckon they got skeered that way,
 An' guess, by jocks, they'll hev to stay.
 There's jes' this left—an' I'll be blest,
 I'm goin' crazy with the rest,

S ea ke st
 en the rth a ru us!!!
 ce qu ck



He's jes' a l.ttle feller, but we miss him when he's gone.

THE CITY BOY.

He comes out here in Summer, with his uncles er his aunts,
In white shirt, stand-up collar, store-made coat an' vest
an' pants.

Comes to the crossin' on the cars, Dad brings him out
from there,

An' he shakes hand with all of us, an' sets down in a chair,
An' stares around at this an' that, an' never sez a thing,
Except he asts how 'taters grow, er why the robins sing.
He likes to play at hide an' seek an' help to do the chores,
An' drive the cows to warter, swing 'round on the gates
an' doors.

He's got sich funny idees o' how things wuz made an' done,
He's jes' a little feller, but we miss him when he's gone.

THE OLD TUREEN.

The brightest of the burnished hoard,
Which once bedecked a festive board,
Is mother's old tureen.

Odd carved and scrolled its outline 'round,
By gilded band in finish bound,
As seldom now is seen.

But many souls your presence stirred,
And many hearts with honored word,
Have greeted you, I ween ;
While many lips with kiss of health,
Have tasted of your simple wealth ;
Your plenty paused to glean.

It stands among a shining host,
Of kindred, and we love it most.

My mother's old tureen.
A relic of a rare old day,
Its sweetness can not fade away,
Though ages intervene.

Well worthy of its hallowed nook !
With awe, we'll take a cautious look,
And stand to gaze again.

To mark with care its worthy face,
That time shall ne'er its form erace ;
My mother's old tureen.

So we, when near the goal of life,
May be a symbol of the strife,
The dimmed days have seen.
By holding to our duties true,

That future eyes in us may view,
 A lesson, not in vain,
But honor to our worthy sphere,
Be given and a heartfelt tear,
 When death has come between.
This is your mission, simple friend,
Far less a lesson you might send,
 My mother's old tureen.

—————[o]————

SUMMER BREEZES.

Summer breezes bring to me.
Nature's most rare melody,
From the cradle and the tomb,
From the sunshine and the gloom,
Brings a song from far away,
And the tunes of yesterday,
E'en the joys of future time
Echo safety thro' its chime.
Come then, Summer breezes, play
Your most perfect, happy lay.
To the daisy in the dells,
Sweet with honey in its cells.
To the sadness of my soul,
Let your music grandly roll,
Till the gladness of my heart,
To the world I can impart,
In this simple soothing chime—
In this rude yet holy rhyme.
Wafting on poetic seas,
Perfume of a Summer breeze.

HELP YOUR BROTHER UP.

There's a brother who is falling.

Help him up!

For your friendly aid he's calling.

Help him up!

Take him kindly by the hand,
Help him up and bid him stand,
On the firmer, better land.

Help your brother up.

When you see another sinking,

Help him up!

For he may have erred unthinking,
Help him up!

False joys sometimes seem to cheer,
They may tempt a heart that's dear;
Heed his cry if you are near—

Help your brother up.

When you see another stumble,

Help him up!

Though debased he be or humble,
Help him up!

Do not watch him helpless stray
From the narrow, holy way,
Tell him of his faults, I pray;

Help your brother up.

Do not turn aside and wait,

Help him up!

Speak before it is too late.

Help him up!

Guide him from the felon's grave,
Bid him manly be and brave,
Tell him God will surely save.

Help your brother up!

—[o]—

A DIRGE.

Drop! Drop! Drop! O rain with thy mournful sound.
Blow! Blow! Blow! O wind from the depths around.
But my heart is sad, and my brain is mad,
With the memories you resound.

O false is the friendship that turns,
At Passion's unfeeling command,
At sight of Sin's beckoning hand,
And the love of a true heart spurns.

Unworthy the life that we live.
A strife of unscrupulous trend,
Dishonor and death is the end,
'Tis all that we have left to give.

O sad is the soul that is torn,
From purity, gladness in store,
To never partake of them more.
O would it had never been born!

Drop! Drop! Drop! O rain with thy mournful sound.
Blow! Blow! Blow! O wind from the depths around.
But my heart is sad and my brain is mad,
With the memories you resound.

BOYHOOD.
—

Have you seen anything of my Boyhood?
It's gone astray.
I lost it down there in the green-wood,
Just yesterday.



Have you seen anything of my
Boyhood? It's gone astray.

We were there strolling together,
Among the flowers,
Plucking the nicest for mother,
Watching the birds and the bees,
Gathering moss from the trees,

I fell asleep down by the River,
A few short hours.

That's how we lost one another.

O sad the sleep ! I dreamed of life,
Which was to come, of fame unknown,
To such as me ; a stepping stone
To honor grand, of station high,
Revered by all. They glided by
In lofty state, and now are gone.
The dream is over, sleep is done.
O let me live again those years !
Share Boyhood's joys and Boyhood's tears,
And with his hand in mine stroll o'er,
Those green-wood dells ! I'll sleep no more,
To dream of fame not won by strife.

We were so happy together,
Boyhood and I.

His place can't be filled by another.
My friend from infancy to man,
I'll try to find him if I can.
They say I have lost him forever,

But by and by,
We'll meet, perhaps at the River.

Have you seen anything of my Boyhood ?
It's gone astray.
I lost it down there in the green-wood,
Just yesterday.

A GOAT—TALE.

(THE TALE-)

In modern days,
 When woman sways,
 The workins of our sphere,
 A young wife sang,
 A long harrangue,
 Unto her husband dear.

She sang, “ You are a Knight,
 I think it is not right,
 That you should be one without me,
 To share its secrets bright.
 And tho’ you be most true to me,
 Its secrets I shall see ! ”

Thro’ drifting snows,
 Dressed in his clothes,
 She reached the Lodge Room door,
 And told her plea,
 Plain as could be,
 To the sentry at the door.

“ A Knight you wish to be ?
 Then follow me,” said he.
 “ Kneel here and pray—’tis the only way,
 To join our Knighthood free.”

— ! — — — — ! — — — — !!! — !
 * — ! * — — — — * * * *

THE GOAT.

Why, no one knows,
 She brushed his clothes,
 And the cobwebs from her hair,
 Thawed out her feet,
 Thinks home so sweet,
 Yearns not for knighthood fair !

A FRIENDLY CALL.

He lives down yonder—that-a-way,
John does. Wuz there the other day,
An' we went fishin' in the brook,
Till after dinner. Tuck a stick,



Sed he liked mo, an' I like him.

An' pins an' worms an' some twine string,
An' went, an' didn't ketch a thing,
Except a frog we used fer bait,
But his Pa sed we done "first rate."

John's ist ez good ez he kin be,
Swapped his jack-knife fer mine with me,
He did. He's got a great big lot,
O' things I ain't; a wheel he bought,
Thet hanged upon a stick an' spinned,
An' allus p'ints right to'ards the wind.
A little brother what says "Goo!"
An' sleeps all day, a mamma who,
Makes little pies an' tarts fer him,
An' kisses him most ever' time,
He goes to bed. An' then he's got a
Iron dog 'et jes' eats money,
An' bits o' tin. He's got a gun,
An' caps 'et makes a racket, when
He shoots 'em off, a rabbit 'et
Eats nearly ever' thing you get,
He has, yes sir! An' John he showed
'Em all to me; said when they goed
Away, may be he'd give me some.
An' maybe they won't never come
Back here. He said he wished my Pa,
Would not git drunk an' hit my Ma,
Sed he liked me, an' I like him.
I'm goin' back some time agin.



LIZA JANE LAMB.

(A fool's account of his courtship)

When we wuz livin' on the farm,
Jes' me an' brother Sam,
He raised the crops an' fed the stock
An' I sparked Liza Lamb.

I allus hed a smile fer her ;
It wuzn't so with Sam,
He allus hed a bashful look,
When he met Liza Lamb.

On Sundays he'd be readin', er
A fixin' up a plan,
O' whut he'd do the comin' week—
I'd think of Liza Lamb.
An' when they hed camp meetin'
I'd brace up like a man,
An' ile my hair an' dress my feet,
An' take my Liza Ann.

We went together 'bout a year,
An' I lived on with Sam.
I thought I'd ask her to be mine—
My little Liza Lamb.
Next time I went to see her,
It was Sunday mornin' an'—
She'd gone to church, left me behind !
My little Liza Ann.

I started back to home o' course,
To tell the news to Sam.

I couldn't think whut could be wrong,
 With my dear Liza Lamb.
 When I got home the parson wuz,
 A talkin' there with Sam.
 They said *he'd been a marryin'*,
Of Sam to Liza Lamb.

—[o]—

AWAY BACK THERE.

Away back there, I uso be,
 A boy so happy and so free.
 Away back there! Away back there!
 The sun shines now ez sweet ez then,
 But lost joys seem the dearest, when
 We know they'll never come again.
 Away back there! Away back there!

I see the old farm jes' ez plain—
 The medder an' the crooked lane—
 Away back there! Away back there!
 The same ol' cabin, with the door
 A screechin' whur it rubbed the floor,
 An' us so happy an' so pore.
 Away back there! Away back there!

Away back there! She's waitin' still,
 An' smilin' like she allus will.
 Away back there! Away back there!
 An' he's a tiltin' back his chair,
 An' waitin'—yes, I know they air,
 An' some day I will meet them there!
 Away back there! Away back there!

MAGLEEN AND I.

We wandered in the woodland dells,
And gathered of its flowers,
And laid them by.



True love we all but seen.

We searched the beach 'mong ocean shells,
And strolled the cliffs for hours,
Magleen and I

We turned old pages quaint and rare,
And read, reread their gems,
Of value high.

We sought within a master air,
For cords in moral themes,
Magleen and I.

Then side by side in marble halls,
We worshiped science, art,
As wealth can buy.

We watched the somber grief of palls—
There saw it gleam apart!
Magleen and I.

We sought the rarest earthly joy,
Which God has given man.
Again we try.

Within our hearts the treasure lay,
True love we all but seen—
Magleen and I.



BROWN'S RAISIN'.

Hank's raisin' wuz a year ago,
An' "'Squire" Jones tuck me an' Joe.
We raised a barn an' ge-me-nee!
The biggest joke you ever see.

You orto been there, seen the crowd,
Wuz more than common rules allowed.
There wuz the Williamses, an' all
The 'Cluzens—'sides the ol' man Doll,
Dick Henderson an' his three boys,
Dock Etenbaugh an' the McCoys,
Bill Smith an' White an' Erny Farsh,
The Scriggenzes from 'cross the marsh,
An' twenty-five er thirty more—
I never seen the like before.
Had brought a feller from the crossin',
Et planned the thing to do the bossin'.
He had the hull thing pictured out,
Jes' like it orto be, about.
Wuz lots o' blowin' in him, though;
His tongue wuz allus on the go.
Kept pickin' on Hank's youngster, Jim,
'Till we alī got half hot at him,
An' fixed a plan we thought would do,
To fetch him down a peg er two.
We told him thet we didn't know,
A sleeper from a rafter, so
He climbed upon a hitchin' post,

Stood on one foot an sighted cross't,
An' sed, (we knowed it years ago),
Jes' whut an' how we orto do ;
Must stick the pike-poles in the sill,
An' hold 'em there all stiddy till
He said to push, an' then we should
Push upwards on 'em all we could.
Well, we got ready fer the first,
Lined up, jes' winked—we didn't durst,
To snicker fear he'd find us out.
('Twas nigh ez good without, about,)
"Now *push!*" he hollered from a post.
'Twas hard to tell who grunted most,
Thing didn't budge ez I could see.
"Another! up she goes!" sez he.
Turned out the same ez t'other whack,
"Dock" ripped his shirt across the back,
I busted one suspender off,
The Deacon fell back in a trough
An' got all dirt. Here wuz our chance !
We grabbed the feller by the pants,
Wuz on the sill an' tied by us,
Afore he knowed jes' whur he wuz.
Then "'Squire" jumped on top, sez he,
"Now boys, all ready, HE ! O ! HEE !"'
An' up she riz. Once more, an' there
She stood a pintin' in the air.
In less than half an hour the josh
An' ever' thing wuz up, b' gosh !
An' then we let the feller down,
An' he jes' piked right out fer town.

Jes' how he felt, I couldn't tell.
You orto heard us fellers yell !

Hank's raisin' wuz a year ago,
An' 'Squire" Jones tuck me an' Joe.
We raised a barn, an' ge-me-nee !
The biggest joke you ever see.



YOUTH AND AGE.

Youth and Age, through tears I saw them,
Walking slowly down the aisle,
And the music of an anthem,
From the organ pealed the while.

Youth and Age. I saw them standing
At the altar, side by side,
He was aged, yet commanding,
And she was a youthful bride.

Youth and Age ! O was I dreaming ?
Cupid with his vows was gone ;
Wealth so grim in jewels gleaming,
Came to join their hearts as one.

Youth and Age—O was it sinning ?
Love came back from long ago,
To my heart while Wealth was winning
Youth whose smiles I used to know !

THE MELODEUN.

Get out the ol' melodeun, hunt up the songs we sung,
Way back in happy courtin' days—when you an' me wuz
young.



Get out the ol' melodeun, hunt up the
songs we sung.

There's "Mary to The Savior's Tomb," "The Cottage .
in the Lane,"
"The Bride's. Farewell," "Fair Charlette" an' "The
Patter of The Rain."
Let's sing 'em over, them ol' tunes, jes' like we uso to then,
Get out the ol' melodeun, an' let's be young again.

We'll hev to dust it likely, it's been in the garret there,
Since Uncles John an' Jim wuz out, to try the country air.
We'll put it here in our room, in the corner there, alone,
An' put a box along the side whur both the legs air gone.
The stool will need some straightenin', perhaps a nail er
two,

The keys air faded like an' small, but that won't bother
you.

'Bout playin', when yougit the swing of some ol' fashioned
tune,

Thet's purty much the same all through—kin try one of
'em soon.

I recollect 'em now, ez plain ez ef 'twas yesterday.

I know I'll be ez happy ez I uso when you play.

'Twas soothin' to a feller; seemed to lift him up, an' stop
An' hold 'im there in joy a spell. I uso like to drop

In of an evenin', now an' then, when all the chores wuz
done,

An' like enough the ol' folks down to Sidney, er else gone
To bed. Had purty nigh forgot them airy days,
A plannin' now to save up things to help the boys aways.
O how we uso sing together! 'Tilda, don't you mind,
Of how they seemed to us, er hev they got too fer behind?

All kinds of songs—camp meetin' ones we kept fer last
ones, so

When all the others got more skeerse, could sing 'em soft
an slow.

You'd allus pick out jes' the kind to fit the way I'd feel;
Fer when I had the blues, 'twould be some good ol'
huskin' reel.

Keep gittin' somethin' faster, 'till a feller had to sing,

An' after you had played awhile, the blues wuz gone, I jing!
An' then when I wuz happy, with the crops a lookin' fair,
With jest enough o' rain an' sunshine mixed up in the air,
We'd sing a slower, soothin' kind, until our eyes growed
dim,

Er lift our voices higher, in an ol' camp meetin' hymn,
'Till when at last I started home, I'd whistle all the way,
An' hev enough o' joy left over fer another day.

Jes' how I tuck to thinkin' on it, I don't recollect.
It's likely though I orto thank my music intellect.
Fer seein' there wuz nothin' else, could cheer me, that-
a-way,

I got to thinkin' how I'd like to hear you sing ever' day.
"Ef that melodeun an' Tilda could be always here,
I'd be the happiest feller ever 'round here fer er near!"

One evenin', 'mong the songs we sung, wuz one—I know
it yet—

"We'll run the Farm Together Now;" it's one I can't
ferget!

So let's sing that one first, Matilda,—ain't exactly true,
Fer now the youngsters run the place; we're restin', me
an' you,

But we kin think back on the years, thet's got so fer away,
When it would suited things, my dear, to sing it ever' day.

An' then we'll sing some other one, most any kind will do,
Jes' so it makes us happy like, an' younger, me an' you,
We'll sing 'em, fer the voice of natur', nothin' sweeter says,
We'll sing 'em, an' be happy, like we wuz in airy days.
There's nothing better fittin', fer the time's a coinin' shore,
When we can't be together here a singin' any more.



The calf's a doin' well.

A COUNTRY CHIME.

We had a city boarder once, come out fer rest an' air,
A dudish sort o' chap he wuz, with curly, yeller hair.

Wore glasses, stand-up collar, an' a necktie black an' red,
He meant to write "a charmin' book, on rural life," he said.

Wuz settin' on the fence down there, a restin' of his feet,
An' I wuz in the medder with the binder, cuttin' wheat.

I'd stopped to let the hosses rest, an' heerd the feller yell,
An' jes' lit out my level best, an' run fer quite a spell,

Then run agin--when I got to him orto heerd him swear!
Wuz hangin' backwards cross the fence, his heels up in
the air.

Had stood there absent-minded like, calf reached his coat, may be,
 An' yanked him backwards, wuz a sight worth runnin'
 more to see !

My wife an' me, we pulled him up, an' put some plasters on.
 His pants, they wuzn't much account, an' both coattails
 wuz gone.

Matilda fixed his trousers, an he went away next day.
 I tried to keep him longer, hut he said he couldn't stay.
 We're kind o' lonesome since he's gone, writes yet I've
 heard 'em tell,
 Lives somers in the city, an' the calf's a doin' well.



GRAFDPA'S ASLEEP.

Grandpa's asleep, don't you see him there,
 His cane across his lap,
 Dreaming away in his easy chair,
 Taking his noon-day nap ?
 Do not disturb him ; just let him sleep,
 Our grandpa's getting old—
 His wonderful tales of "Little Bo Peep,"
 Have nearly all been told.

Grandpa's asleep, and I fancy, he
Sees now the long ago ;
Dearly loved spots where he used to be,
Friends whom he used to know.
Draw down the blinds for the golden sun,
Shines on his thin gray hair,
And kindly eyes, though now is gone,
The youth which sparkled there.

Grandpa's asleep. Do you see the sweet,
Sad smile upon his face ?
'Tis but the way his heart would greet,
Some long lost friend, or place ;
For faded is the past to him,
Old land marks changed to new,
Old hopes but live in mem'ry dim,
Old friends are far and few.

Grandpa's asleep ! Ah, soon beneath
The sod, he must be laid.
Where winds may toss the withered leaf,
And gambol in the shade.
Wonderful stories of "Little Bo Peep,"
The coming seasons through,
Will tell us of Grandpa, fast asleep,
Who waits for "me and you."



A JINGLE FROM THE FARM.

The bug is on the 'taters an' the fly is on the wheat—

The frost has ketched the cabbage an' the corn,
The cut worms tuck the lettuce—the tomatoes air ez
sweet

They'll get 'em 'fore they blossom, shore's you're born.

The red-root's in the medder an' the mullen's in the oats,
The drought has killed the clover an' the rye.

The sorr'l has got the buckwheat an' the cholera's got
the shoats,

The heaves will strike the hosses by an' by.

The scab is on the apples an' the peaches an' the pear,
The huckleberry blossoms hev fell off.

The hens hev et the garden truck an' posies—I declare !
There's nothin' left to make me feel well off.

But when I git to thinkin' on it—(hate to give er up),
It sorto helps me out to look around,
An' hear the chickens cackle ez they pick their dinner up,
An' brag about the whoppin' bug they found.

Er watch the steers a caperin', around the ol' straw-rick,
The hosses chase each other down the lane,
The lark down in the medder, an' the bull-frog in the
crick,
Sorto laughin' 'cause the summer's here again.

Er mother in the sittin' room a smilin' to herself,
A watchin' o' the youngsters ez they play.

I keep a thinkin' on it all an' clean forgot myself ; .
 The blues they jes' git up an' walk away.

I think o' how the ol' farm's been a friend to all of us,
 Thet we ain't goin' back on her jes' now.
 The sun will shorely bring some rain, to liven up the
 crops,
 An' ef she don't we'll pull through anyhow.

The Lord's tuck keer o' mother'n me, fer nigh on eighty
 year. . . .
 I'm certain thet He haint fergot us yet.
 We'll thank Him fer His blessin's, an' the home we love
 so dear,
 An' trust in Him an' in the ol' farm yet !



“KATY DID.”

Hear it from the leaves above,
 As it sings, “Katy did!”
 Listen to the tale of love,
 That it brings, “Katy did.”
 While the night is over all,
 While the dainty dew-drops fall,
 From the past it seems to call,
 “Katy did !”

What fair lassie met my eyes,
 Long ago? “Katy did!”
 Like an angel from the skies,
 Here below? “Katy did?”
 Who, like beacon in the night,
 With her love light gave me might,
 Not to falter in the night?
 “Katy did!”

And who was it won my heart,
 And my soul? “Katy did.”
 Where the waves of ocean start,
 Dash and roll? “Katy did.”
 And who said, “My heart is thine.”
 And in accents most divine,
 Promised that she would be mine?
 “Katy did!”

And who was it went away
 Long ago? “Katy did!”
 Up the star-strewn golden way
 Angels know? “Katy did!”
 Leaving my poor heart in woe,
 That the Lord should will it so,
 That my grief she ne'er should know?
 “Katy did!”



WAKE NOT THE SLEEPER.

Wake not the sleeper, for he dreams
 Of realms above.
The vision is not as it seems—
 A dream of Love,



The joys he hoped for, ne'er can be ;
 He loves alone.

But hides, beneath its mask of smiles,
 The face of Death,
In time to slay as it beguiles,
 With but a breath.

No, let him sleep ! The joys of earth,
So seldom stay,
To brighten each the solemn worth,
Of sorrow's day.
Too oft the dreamer wakes, to see
The vision gone ;
The joys he hoped for, ne'er can be ;
He loves alone.

Wake not the sleeper, let him rest,
In peace most sweet.
It is a boon to be so blest ;
A joy complete.
We'll lie beside him, as the world
Of men, have laid
Since Hope's fair banner was unfurled ;
Love King was made.



MY CLOCK.

A sort of funny clock is mine,
She ain't ez talkative er fine
Ez otherrs, but she's right in line,
An' never needs no windin' up,
Er settin', aint no grindin' up
Of wheels er oilin' ever' day—
Ain't very many thet kin say
They've got a clock runs that-a-way !
She never breaks an' waits 'round fer
Repairs—no shoddy stuff in her !

She gits me out at break of day;
In time to do my chores, an' say
My prayers in my ol' fashioned way.
It beats me how she climbs the sky,
With nothin' near to guide her by,
An' then crawls down the other side,
Until she gits so's you kin slide
Yer fingers er yer hand out wide,
Between her an' the earth, an' know
The time within an hour er so.

When I wuz jes' a little tad,
I usto go 'long with my dad,
An' help to drive the teams he had.

Would ketch him blinkin' at the sun,
When each day's work wuz nearly done,
An' it seemed sort of odd to me ;
I never could exactly see

Jes' how he'd figer out to be
A settin' down beside his plate,
At supper time—wuz never late.

One day he sez to me—sez he,
"She's right fernen the maple tree—
It's dinner time fer you an' me."
I tuck to watchin' now an' then,
An' got so's I could figer, when
'Twas gittin' purt' nigh whur we ought
To stop fer dinner, er had got
To whur a feller allus thought
Of supper waitin' warm an' good—
You couldn't miss it ef you would.

An' now she comes ez handy, like
When it wuz time she'd up an' strike,
It's jes' like squintin' up the pike,
Er fallin' off a log. A spell
Of practice gits you so's you tell
The minute ever' whack, most whacks.
Beats all yer tickin' clocks thet clacks
The hours on wires in their backs,
Er watches—she is better
There ain't no shoddy stuff in her.

Then take yer strikin' clocks an' sich,
Er tickin' watches—don't keer which!
Ol' sun she goes without a hitch,
Year in, year out, except an hour,
When clouds air thick er there's a shower.
She ain't much use at night, I know,

But then a feller's head gits so—
So sleepy thet he has to go
To bed er set an' blink his eyes,
He jes' can't see straight ef he tries.

I don't take stock in watches ner
In clocks to set er hang up whur
They make the hours an' minutes fer
To suit nobody but themselves.
You don't move mine to dust the shelves,
So I'll jes' choose the sun fer mine.
She's not ez talkative er fine,
But when she stops, in rain er shine,
We will. I like her better, fer
There ain't no shoddy stuff in her.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

We well may land the crumbling clay,
Which held the fearless heart,
Whose vict'ries we revere to-day ;
Napoleon Bonaparte.



Napoleon Bonaparte.

For if e'er God in wisdom high,
Gave to a mortal man,
The power to rule a nation's sigh,
Or smile, without a ban.

We here may find him, worthy still
Of history's burnished page.

Alone, his wond'rous life would fill
The record of an age.

For nations sank beneath his hands,
Or knelt beside his throne,
Obeyed his kind or stern commands—
A world was ruled by one.

Then let his ancient glory live,
“The Man of Destiny.”

For future ages ne'er shall give,
One more renowned than he.

Though record of grand “Waterloo,”
Or “St. Helena’s” cells,
May crumble—this the lesson true,
His victory to us tells.

No thing is *too* great for the man
Of God to undertake.

We live but to fulfill a plan,
Which He alone can make.

I praise the everlasting fame,
The sturdy mind and heart,
Which lives within the wond'rous name :
Napoleon Bonaparte !



ON THE ROAD.

You'd like to git some dinner? Well,
I reckon thet you kin. I'll tell
Matilda—jes' set down an' rest
Yerself a spell. We hain't the best
O' vituals, but there's some about—
Enough to sorto help you out.
We never turn a feller way,
Thet asts fer grub, although I say
We orto, maybe, now an' then,
Fer some o' them ain't best o' men,
But both our hearts go out to him,
Ef he is poor on 'count of Jim.
Our boy, wuz Jim, a pert one too,
(The best of all, 'tween me an' you.)
Wuz all the child we ever had,
Wuz spoiled, an' yet he wuzn't bad.
Could do more work, an' do it well,
Than any chap around here, tell
He got with fellers up in town,
An' tuck to drink—it led him down,
Tell he jes' couldn't let it be,
An' one night down at Pason, he
Quarreled with Bill White an' his brother,
About some little thing er other.
They mixed up then, an' Bill wuz hit
With somepin', an' they thought thet it
Would wind him up, but he pulled through,
An' then his older brother Joe,
He sorto had it in fer Jim.
(I allus knowed it wuzn't him)

An' Jim he'd walk the floor at night,
(He couldn't prove Joe wuzn't right),
Kept thinkin' of it, off an' on,
An' one Spring mornin' he wuz gone.
Hain't seen him since, he never writ,
But I can't think him guilty yit,
An' that's been twenty year er more.
Thet's why we help a chap thet's pore,
Because since then we never knowed,
But Jim wuz somers on the road.
An' hope instid o' turnin' 'way,
Some one would help our boy that way.
Grub's ready now, Matilda says.
Eat them, they'll help you on a ways.
Take this cheer. What's the matter now?
You must a met before, some how.
A cryin' too! Now don't do that;
Ol' friends ain't made fer cryin' at!
What? Thet air feller our boy Jim?
Would never thought thet it wuz him!
Let's hav yer hand—there's not a thing,
Could suit me better, lad, by jing!
I orto knowed you—ain't ez well's
I uso be—these spectacles,
Must wipe 'em off—they're leakin' some.
Matilda, quit yer cryin', come,
An' set here side o' me a spell.
You're happier than you kin tell,
An' so am I! Seems sorto queer;
Our bein' all together here.
I wonder how it wuz we knowed,
Our boy wuz somers on the road?

THE PARSON'S WIFE.

She fits my idee to a T,
A sweeter face, I never see
In all my life.



A sweeter face, I never see,
It would be purty hard to find
A better woman, (to my mind),
Than parson's wife.

I saw her jes' the other day—
I drove to town around that way,
She jes' wuz sittin',

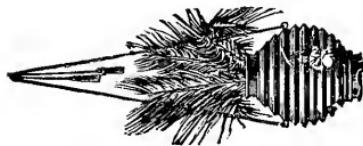
Close by the winder—thet wuz all,
Except I saw a tear-drop fall
Upon her knittin'.

I knowed her when she wuz a gel,
Maybe I hadn't ought to tell—
I loved her then.

An' allus will—she wuz so kind
To ever' one. No gel I'll find
Like her agen.

The parson's wife—sounds kind o' queer
To think it, an' it seems so near
When she wuz mine,
An' I wuz hers. She loves me yet,
Maybe. I somehow can't forget
Them days divine.

But she ain't nothin' now to me,
Ner I to—can't exactly see
How in my life,
The quarrel started or jes' where
It stopped. God pity me an' her--
The parson's wife !



LIDA WUZ GOIN' AWAY.

Our Lida wuz goin' away to live,
Had married the 'Squire's boy Joe.
The only one darter we had to give,
An' we hated to hev her go.

But Lida wuz twenty years old in June,
An' loved him with all her heart,
An' though it did seem like she left us soon,
It wuz wrong to keep them apart.

An' Joe wuz a good hearted chap, I knew,
An' kind to the gal an' us.
An' though he wuz pore he wuz good an'true,
So the lass mighta done lots wuss.

They'd planned on a settin' up by themselves.
We helped 'em jes' all we could,
But we hadn't much on the pantry shelves ;
Not much we could spare ef we would.

A bed stid, some knives, a few ol' chairs,
A table an' knives an' sich.
No silver er gold fer to put on airs,
Like they'd had ef we'd all been rich.

Then she had a lot of odd things laid by,
All packed in the bureau there,
She'd made up herself jes' at odd spells—I
Couldn't tell you jes' how er where,

Fer she wuz a helpin' of us each day,
 An' seein' to things around,
 A cheerin' us up in her lovin' way,
 Doin' most of the work, we found.

Ez I wuz a sayin', they'd saved a bit,
 An' Joe he had bought a farm
 An' put out some crops—fixed the house tell it
 Wuz cozy an' light an' warm.

An' they wuz a goin' away in June,
 The best time of all, you know.
 I own thet it seemed to come 'round too soon,
 Fer we hated to see her go.

I recollect yet jes' how Luke an' me,
 Wuz settin' there by the door.
 The moon wuz so bright—thet wuz why, maybe,
 Er 'cause we'd be lone an' pore,

But we wuz a cryin' to-gether there,
 'Till Lida came up behind,
An' said they wuz goin' to stay right here,
Fer a better home they couldn't find.

Thet June wuz a year ago this'n, an'
 Their boy looks like me, they say.
 Kin hear Joe at the barn ef you listen,
 An' they're nary one goin' 'way!





His kind hand will guide us o'er the way ahead into a better land.

LIFE'S LESSON.

Just take one backward look with me,
While life yet says we may;
Look back from dim eternity,
To youth so far away.

Along the distant road of life—
Fast dimming are its joys—
The hills and cliffs which mark our strife,
Stand like when we were boys,

And clambered up the path-ways there,
As test of youthful power,
And gathered of their flowers so fair,
Which faded with the hour.

We see once more the mountains bold,
Which barred our manhood's day,
And fight again the battles old,
Which o'er them won our way.

It was a rugged road, my friend,
Which we together trod,
And now at last we're at the end;
Beside the grave and God.

Then falter not but from the height
Of time to the abyss
Of dim eternity—to-night
We'll step, nor fear to miss

The ledge beneath. For He who led
Us here, with His kind hand,
Will guide us o'er the way ahead,
Into a better land.





(190)

I'd ez soon roll in the flowers forever in the sunny month o' June.

THE SUNNY MONTH O' JUNE,

The ol' sun's hot ez he kin be,
But sunshine ain't no wrong to me,
Jes' set out by the pippin tree,
Ez cool's cucumbers. I kin see
The clover heads a noddin' back an' forwards in the
breeze,
An' hear the red heads singin' down amongst the willer
trees,
I kin watch the colts an' hosses come a stompin down
the lane,
An' jes' lay here restin' easy; makes my heart feel young
again.
I allus come out here a spell—at ev'nin', say, er noon,
An' size things up around me, in the sunny month o' June.

There's apples peekin' through the trees,
An' flowers a puttin' out their leaves,
The chickens restin' up their knees—
Ol' dog a wond'r'n whut he sees,—
There's cabbage in the garden an' there's 'taters in the
hill,
The rosies an' the cherries growin' red an' riper still.
There's buckwheat raisin' pancakes, an' the gran'ry,
shore's yer born,
Is laughin' sorto smilin', at the green upon the corn.
The ol' dog barks an' off he goes fer whut he thinks ez
coon;
It's jes' a squirrel a talkin'—in the sunny month o' June.

Tho' some folks think the Winter's best,
 Er Spring, with posies on his vest,
 I think the sweetest time is best
 To my pore heart, an' I'll be blest,
 Ef it don't beat 'em all, to be a restin' here among
 The flow'rs an' things, an' figer up how they's a comin'
 long,
 There is a joy in ever'thing that's good er bad an' yet,
 There is a time that's best of all—an' one I can't ferget,
 An' so you take yer Spring er Fall, er Winter—I'd ez soon,
 Roll in the flowers forever in the sunny month o' June !



GIVE ME YER HAND.

Give me yer hand an' let's be friends,
 Jes' like we orto be,
 In clasp o' hands all hatred ends
 In love, twixt you an' me.

Whut ef the crops air waitin' er a note is comin due,
 Forget 'em for a minute, friend, while I shake hands
 with you.
 They won't spoil fer a little while, you'll love 'em better
 then,

Let's talk o' rest an' friendship jes' like brothers an' like men,
You'll get your place in Heaven jes' ez shorely ef you spend
Some time in helpin' others long the way—give me yer hand.

There's time fer bein' busy an' a time fer shakin' hands—
There's mortgages to raise beside the one that's on yer lands,
Fer yer value ez a man, my friend, ain't reckoned up in gold,
But figered on the notes that's due fer friendship that you hold.
The debt to God an' ever' one ez brothers still will stand,
Until it's paid in friendship true, so friend, give me yer hand.

There's work at home which you must do, but don't forget yer friend,
There'll be more crops to harvest after yours air at an end.
Ef you kin help a brother up—it's whut you orto do,
The shortest way is kindly words—they'll all come back to you,
Don't pay the other mortgage off an' let yer money stand
Between you an' the friends you're ownin' love. Give me yer hand.

Give me yer hand an' let's be friends—
Jes' like we orto be,
In clasp o' hands all hatred ends
In love, twixt you an' me.

TO GO A COONIN'.

There's a recollection sweet, thet with joy I allus greet
When I'm restin' up my mind like of a noonin'.
It is of an August night, when the moon wuz shinin' bright,
An' us fellers run away to go a coonin'.

'Round the old barn an' the shed, when we orto been in bed,
Then a sneakin' down the lane, an' across the fields 'o grain,
Heerd 'em raise the kitchen latch, clear down in the 'tater
patch,
An' the mournful whiperwill, wuz a callin' from the hill,
An' the scarecrow looked at us, jes' like we wuz thieves
er wuss,
An' the others maked a fuss—whur they said they'd wait
fer us,
When we fellers run away to go a coonin'.

Corn leaves reachin' up so high, kiverin' us, purty nigh,
In the cherry tree the night owl wuz a croonin',
We walked on our heel an' toe—crippled us like, don't
you know,
When we fellers run away to go a coonin'.

Picked out jes' the ones we'd need, left the biggest ones
fer seed,
Scrawny ones wuz green yet, so we jes' left 'em there to
grow,
Looked to find a riper one, yanked it off an' up an' run,
Heerd the watch dog barkin' out, like he wuz some whur
about,

Tripped up on a punkin vine—dropped the hull thing,
meat an' rine,
Et 'em by the ol' straw rick, throwed the leavin's in the
crick,
Hump back-home agin, an' climb in bed until another time,
When us fellers run away to go a coonin'.

There's a lesson here fer you, an I hope you'll find it too,
Ez across these lines yer bright eyes go a moonin';
On a happy summer night, when the stars wuz shinin' bright,
Did you ever run away to go a coonin'?

It's no matter whut you say, fer the ol' folks air away,
Tho' the dog is in the barn, an' its dark down in the corn,
An' you're lovin' melons so, thet its purty hard to go,
Up to bed a thinkin' how they're a eatin' of 'em now,
But when you air old an' gray, you'll be glad you stayed
away,
Say ef their ol' dog gits out—leaves yer pants a stickin'
'bout
Er the mustard plasters stick, when they makes you
weak an' sick—
Don't you ever run away to go a coonin'!

There's a recollection sweet thet with joy I allus greet,
When I'm restin' of my mind like of a noonin',
It is of an August night when the moon wuz shinin' bright,
An' us fellers run away to go a coonin'.

SPRING.

Spring has clumb around agin,
With some mud a stickin' in
His ol' pockets an' some grass an' posies green,
Lots of agues in his satchel,
An' a laughin' jes' ez natu'al,
Like he wuz the only season ever seen.

Knew he'd come around this way,
An' no longer'n yesterday,
I wuz thinkin' of the joys he allus brung.
Allus sets my heart a thumpin',
An' my intellec' a jumpin',
An' romancin' like it did when I wuz young.

Hosses loosin' all their hair—
See it stickin' here an' there,
Allus shed 'em when the wind gits in the South.
Wish they didn't lose 'em so—
Keep a comin' back, you know,
When you drive 'em dassn't open up yer mouth.

All the pigs air gruntin' 'round,
An' a rootin' up the ground,
An' a rubbin' 'ginst the straw rick in the rain.
You kin tell jes' how they feel,
Ef you stop to hear 'em squeal,
Er to watch 'em comin' caper'n down the lane.

Seen a wood-chuck t'other week,
On a stump down by the creek,
Gopin' 'round 'im an' a blinkin' at the sun;

Wuz so pore he couldn't speak,
Looked so hungry like an' weak—
Throwed tobacker at 'im an' he couldn't run.

Heerd the yearlin' steer a lowin',
Wuz a bawlin' an' a throwin'
Sand behind 'im ez he galloped 'round the fiel's.
When he humped hisself to gether,
• Couldn't tell fer certain whether
He come down upon his head er on his heels.

An' I seen our speckled chicken,
Scratchin' up the dirt an' kickin'—
Wuz a thawin' out the chilbains in his toes,
An' a rufflin of his feathers,
Like he does in Summer weathers,
An' a pokin' 'round amongst 'em with his nose.

Heerd a robin red-breast sing,
Sorto laughin' on the wing,
An' a blue-jay in the Spitsenberger tree,
Seened a gassin' 'bout the weather,
Er of some sich thing er other,
Like ez ef he knowed jes' whut 'twas goin' to be.

Spring has clumb around agin.
With some mud a stickin' in
His ol' pockets an' some grass an' posies green,
Lots of agues in his satchel,
An' a laughin' jes' ez natu'al,
Like he wuz the only season ever seen.

WHEN THE CROWS KICK UP THE CORN.

I'm gen'raly ez happy like,
 Ez most o' fellers air,
But hold that there is times in life,
 When one can't help but care,
When he's jes' bound to hev a stretch,
 O' blues an feel ferlorn,
I allus git 'em, when I watch
 The crows kick up the corn.

I've tried nigh onto forty year,
 By plannin' night an' morn,
To keep 'em on the other fields ;
 The ones thet ain't to corn.
But still they keep a comin', an'
 A bringin'—shore's yer born !
The blues—I allus hev 'em, when
 The crows kick up the corn.

An' ez there's nary way I know,
 To keep from hevin' it ;
Since all the arguin' I do,
 Don't help the thing a bit ;
I reckon ever' spring-time, I'm
 To sorto feel ferlorn,
An' hev the blues forever, when
 The crows kick up the corn.

EF I WUZ UNCLE SAM.

I'll tell you whut I think I'd do ef I wuz Uncle Sam,
An' hed to run this farm o' his—wuz smarter than I am.
I'd give the youngsters all a show an' make 'em work
together—

An' not be findin' fault so much an pullin' which an' 'tether.



I'd give my hair a saucer cut.

I wouldn't let one take his share o' whut they all had made,
Ef when the crops wuz gathered he wuz restin' in the shade.
I'd learn 'em to be brothers an' let each one hev his rights—
They wouldn't work fer gold alone, ner hev a law o'
“mights.”

I'd teach 'em to be stiddy an' ez gentle ez a lamb
When come the time to fight fer gains, ef I wuz Uncle
Sam.

I'd clear up some o' them ol' fields an' put 'em out to corn,
Raise wheat instead o' cactus in the lot behind the barn,
An' when the crops wuz gethered in--the harvestin' all done,
I'd give 'em all an equal share that wuz deservin' one.
The wimmen folks should heva dress jes' ever nowan' then,
An' hev their pay ez regular an' mor'n the hired men.
I'd give 'em all a restin' spell with time to think o' livin',
An' figer up whut Heaven's worth an' thank the Lord fer
given.

I'd let 'em hev their own idees an' never try to pa'm
Some new religion on to them, ef I wuz Uncle Sam.

I'd be a friend to ever' one an' tell 'em all I know.
Not get too far fernent the times but go a little slow.
I'd take that ol' style suit o' his'n an' rip it up the seams,
I'd put it in the garret an' put on a suit o' jeans.
I'd give my hair a saucer cut an' trim my whiskers down,
I wouldn't put on struttin' airs like money'd folks in town;
I wouldn't hev no honorin', a man would be a man,
An' nōthin' more, though rich er pore, we'd all be
brothers, an'

I wouldn't be somebody else--tho' wiser than I am
I wouldn't change my heart a bit, ef I wuz Uncle Sam.

I'd put some tiles in here an' there an' drain the marshes off,
An' plant 'em all to cabages when it wuz dry enough.
I'd never be a findin' fault with nary fate ner weather,

I b'lieve I'd take the fences down—hev all the farm together.

I'd try an' make the world around be glad thet I wuz here,
By sharin' all their happiness, with now an' then a tear,
I'd be a plannin' ever' day to help the rest along,
An' not find fault with all they do an' say their way wuz
wrong,

I'd treat them like I'd want to be, an'-guide 'em kind o'
c'am,

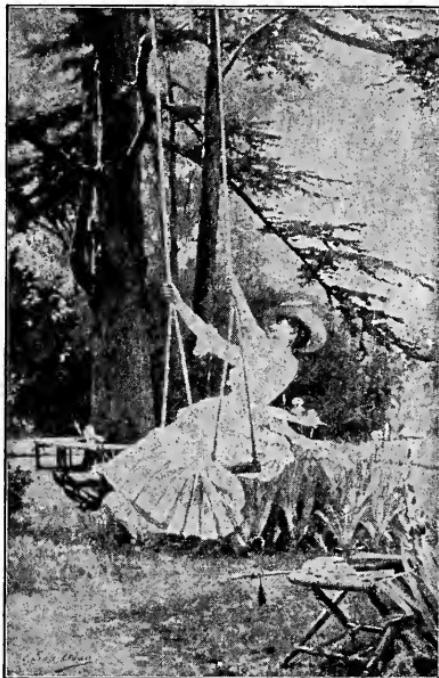
Into a better, wider way, ef I wuz Uncle Sam.

I wouldn't hev no revolution chaps a raisin' harm,
An' a givin' me new idees tell I had a run-down farm.
I'd try to find the plan thet worked the best fer every one,
An' not fer this'n an' fer that—I'd let the rest alone.
Perhaps I couldn't run the farm so's ever' crop would pay,
But whut I'd miss in dollars I'd make up some other way.
I'd ruther hev a mortgage on my farm than on my soul,
Espec'aly ef I figered wrong an' had to lose it whole.
It may be thet it wouldn't work—but it's the plan I am
Decidin' I would try a spell, if I wuz Uncle Sam.



LOVE'S WAY.

We were resting in the woodland,
From our search for fairest flowers,
The breezes fanned the branches 'round
This sweetest of its bowers.



I was thinking—she was swinging.

I was thinking—she was swinging,
And no other one was by,
And her joyous laughter ringing,
Caught my heart as it went by.

Swift the evening shadows gathered,
Faster hope came to my soul,
E'er the sun's last rays departed,
Love had made its fragments whole.

As the wild birds sang above us,
Soft their musie seemed to ring,
And two hearts went out together,
From the friendly woodland swing.

LAS' CHRIS'MUS.

Las' Chris'mus wuz a year ago.
Though it's fer away,
Thinkin' on it now, you know,
Makes it yesterday.

Snow wuz higher than the fence,
Hasn't been so drifted sence.
How my heart turns back to-night,
Ez I watch the fire light,
Dancin' on the shaded wall,
Like the sweetest night of all,

When my mother set right here,
Rockin' in her screechy cheer.
She has left us now, you know,
Sence the Chris'mus, year ago !

Sky wuz dark, 'cept in a few
Places whur the moon shone through,
An' the patches, faint an' thin,
Thet the stars wuz twinklin' in,
An' the wind a whistlin', blowed
Snow across the fields an' road.
We wuz by the fire light,
With the ones we miss to-night—
Father's left us too, you know,
Sence the Chris'mus, year ago.

Don't seem now like we could sing,
Laugh er play er anything.
There's no good in cryin' though,
It won't bring 'em back, I know,
But we've tried with all our might,
An' we can't feel glad to-night.
Seems so lunsome like an' queer,
Knowin' neither one is here,
Like they used to be, you know,
Chris'mus thet's a year ago.

Las' Chris'mus wuz a year ago,
Though it's fer away.
Thinkin' on it, don't you know,
Makes it yesterday.

WHY I TAKE THE JOURNAL.

I'm a farmer an' I'm happy now—some joys come after tears!

An' I've tuck thet ol' School Journal fer nigh on to twenty years.



Sweetest gal you ever see.

I don't hev much time to read it, 'ceptin' now an then a spell,

Say of evenin's er of Sundays, but I like it purty well,
Fer it ain't the sense I'm after, it's the best one of its kind,

But there's other things that's nearer, better suited to
my mind.

I will tell you how it happened, it won't take so very long,
Though I've never told another 'tain't because I thought
it wrong.

I had lived here with the ol' folks, workin' hard an'
stiddy too,

'Till I bought the dear ol' homestead when the mortgage
note wuz due.

Then I married Susie Higgins, sweetest gal you ever see,
Knowed her since we both wuz youngsters, an' I thought
she keered fer me.

But I found I wuz mistaken, she wuz used to city lives,
An' had married me fer money, there air many jes' sich
wives.

So one day I come fer dinner from the corn field on the
hill,

She wuz gone an' on the table wuz a note thet seemed
to fill

Up my heart with sorrow an' with woe thet's hardly left
it yet,

A grief thet I fergive her fer, but one I can't ferget.
An' I couldn't blame her any though it darkened all my
life,

Though I'd given all to seen her an' to kiss her ez my wife.
But although I searched the country 'round fer fifty miles
er more,

I could never find a spot whur one had seen her there
before.

I spent all my fortune lookin', but the years rolled on the
same,

Bringin' nothin' but the joy I felt to fondly speak her name.

After many lonely years had gone, a city feller fair,
Came to board around an' teach our school—I've got his picture there,

An' I brought his mail out to him on a lucky day in June,
An' among it wuz that Journal—read it through that afternoon.

An' I don't know how I did it, it wuz only luck, I guess;
Found a piece by Susan Bickle there, with all of her address!

So I jes' set down that night an' wrote a letter to her plain,
Tellin' her that I forgave her, hoped that she'd come back again.

An' next week she came, an' loves me more than all the world beside,

Jes' because she knows I will be true whutever may betide.
An' that's why I take the Journal now an' think I allus will,
Though I hardly ever read it, it's the sweetest paper still.



A VISION OF LIFE.

Though waking or dreaming I see a hand,
Which beckons to me from a foreign strand,
Where the wise and the good of the ages gone,
Are smiling, content with the joys they have won.



A vision of life.

The wise and the good ; all the honored, renowned,
Their brows with the world's high praises crowned.
They stand, and their hands point to me the way,
To their fair land of truth and eternal day,
And they beckon to me and hallos across,
“Come here to our home ; come, brother, to us !”

I listen to them as they call to me,
Their beckoning hands in my dreams I see.
But their voices are weak, and I wonder why,
'Till Reason in comfort presents this reply.
"Those voices are worn with the accents of truth,
"Which silences wrong, with its sweet reproof,
"Their wan hands are palsied with many deeds,
"Of goodness and comfort each poor heart needs ;
" 'Tis kindly and merciful actions that wear,
"The hands and the voices of those over there."

I pause then in wonder and gaze on the shore,
Where those who are worthy may rest evermore,
And think of the trials which I must meet,
With kind, steady hand and contentment sweet ;
Of the lowly and poor I must give my hand,
To be worthy a place on that distant strand.
O may I the sins and the duties of life,
And the poor I must meet in my earnest strife,
Greet kindly and bravely and live to be one,
Well worthy of that land when this life is done !



ALUMNI POEM.

(Read by the author at the banquet of the LaGrange High School Alumni,
May 25, 1900.)

Once more we meet around thy sacred shrine,
Dear Alma Mater, to rejoice to-night ;
In loving mem'ry of thy care divine,
In songs of praise our voices to unite.

To thee we come, our loving mother dear,
With hearts that prize thy words of counsel kind,
Which taught us well the future ne'er to fear ;
That worthy deeds their true reward shall find.

To thee we sing to praise thy loving hand,
Which from our paths held many thorns aside,
While, years ago, we strolled through Wisdom's land,
When thou at parting swung Life's portals wide.

To thee we sing, thy love divine to praise,
Which in our loyal hearts secure we hold—
As treasure dear ; a prize of by-gone days,
While mem'ry lives its joys shall ne'er grow cold !

To thee we sing, for much to thee we owe ;
The strength of knowledge ; 'tis a fount of life,
The shield of purpose ; scorning effort low,
The sword of truth ; the victor in all strife.

All these and more—the bond of friendship true ;
The tie unending which our hearts unite.
For these, dear mother, praises high are due ;
For these kind gifts accept our thanks to-night.

For by their aid bright laurels we have won,
 And hope in future grander heights to gain,
 That by our lives ; the good which we have done,
 The world may know thy care was not in vain.

We come to thee as in the by-gone days,
 When, side by side, our trusting hand in thine,
 We journeyed slowly over Wisdom's ways,
 And plucked the blossoms from the way-side vine.

Like then, we come, like children to thy side,
 To hear, once more, the voice we love so well.
 In thine embrace our happy tears to hide,
 Within the circle of thy love to dwell.

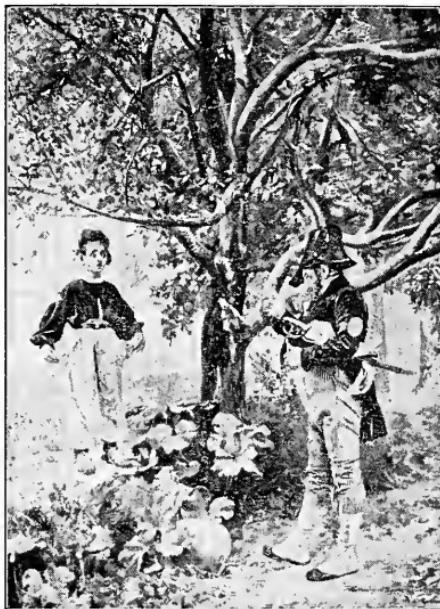
And in this meeting may the god, Delight,
 With magic wand our thoughts and actions sway,
 That mem'ry on his pages fair, may write
 With happy heart a record of to-day.

Dear Alma Mater ! Bless thy children true,
 As here we gather 'round thy altar fair,
 Old times, old joys, old friendships to renew ;
 New scenes, new hopes, new lessons to compare.



MY FIRST PANTS.

Been some forty years ago, ef I kin recollect it right,
Orto know exactly, may be, but one does forget a sight.



My first big pair o' pants.

Wuz jes' like most eny youngster—partly good an' partly bad,

Tryin' to be jes' like dad wuz an'to git the things he had.
An' I never felt so big afore my uncles an' my aunts,
Ez the day that I clumb into them—my first big pair o'
pants.

Wuz a pair o' dad's made over, sorto faded like an' thin,

With a pocket on behind an' one to keep my 'kerchief in,
Mother made 'em, wuz her first ones, not particularly
in style,

Sorto sloppy round the bottom so's to fit me after while,
An' with room enough around me so's I could climb an'
prance,

With my pockets full o' butternuts an' never tear my
pants.

Wuz a thinkin' on it yesterday—it made me sorto sick,
Recollectin' how they dried 'em once when I fell in the
crick.

But I somehow got to wishin' I had saved 'em up tell
now,

An' could be cut down from whut I am to fit 'em 'gin
some how

An' be a youngster onct again an' caper out an' dance,
Around the house an' climb the fence in them first pair
o' pants,



BROTHER JIM.

Wuz one o' them chaps that a feller can't see,
Jes' fer whut kind o' good he wuz cut out to be ;
Lookin' jes' like the pictures one sees in a book,
With a-sort-of-a-half-dead-hang-dog-look,
An' peaked an' porely, wuz our brother Jim.
Us fellers we never could chum with him.

Ef we'd run away fer to see the show,
W'y he'd be out there in the 'tater row,
A hoein' away, an' ef we'd run off,
To go in a swimmin', w'y like enough,
He'd ruther not go, fer ef dad wuz gone,
He'd allus find somethin' that must be done.

So some how er other we didn't like Jim !
There never wuz any git up in him,
Exceptin' to chore around somers er sing,
Er scrape on a fiddle, er some sich a thing.
It wuzn't no use fer to joke with him—
An odd like sort of a chap wuz Jim !

But there came a time (ez there allus duz),
When we saw how mistaken in Jim we wuz ;
How his heart wuz ez lovin' an' true ez day—
I'll tell you about it—wuz jes' this way:
Dipther'a wuz ragin' by us one year,
An' us chaps, a gaddin' 'round fer an' near,

Got exposed, fer 'twas ketchin' an' more, by jing !
It wuz purty shore death fer to hav the thing!

An' Jack tuck it first, an' then Tom an' me,
Then we see fer whut good Jim wuz ment to be,
With his soft, easy hand an' his step so light,
An' the way thet he had of a doin' things right.

Fer they cared fer us—jes' our mother an' Jim,
Though most o' the watchin' us fell onto him,
An' many's the time in the dead o' night,
He'd smooth out our pillers with hands as light,
Er give us a cup o' cold water er bring
Us some broth er beef porridge, er some sick thing.

'Till at last we wuz all feelin' better, some,
An' the Doctor had sed the last time he'd come,
To our mother an' Jim, "It's been hard on you,
But the youngsters air better—they'll all pull through!"
Thet night Jim wuz standin' close by our side,
An' kissed us all lovin'ly like—an' cried.

The next morn when I woke with the sun up high,
I see Jim layin' down on the lounge close by.
Sorto porely an' peaked—like mother he wus,
An' had worn himself out jes' a carin' fer us.
I thought he wuz sleepin' 'till mother called him—
He'd gone up to Heaven thet night—had Jim!

An' thet is his tombstone down there on the hill,
It ain't more uncommon than others there, still,
I often jes' kinda walk 'round there a spell,
An' worter the posies an' myrtle an'—well,
Thet's all, stranger, 'ceptin' my eyes get dim,
An' blurry like yet when I think o' Jim.

BEYOND THE SKY

There is a home I long to see,
 Beyond the sky,
There is a place I long to be,
 Beyond the sky.
There old friends wait to welcome me,
And angels sing their songs of glee,
And there is peace and love for me,
 Beyond the sky.

There is a crown awaiting me,
 Beyond the sky,
A stainless rose of purity,
 Beyond the sky.
I long to go to that fair land,
To row my boat to yonder strand,
To listen to His blest command,
 Beyond the sky.

There is a throne of justice high,
 Beyond the sky,
A hand held out to you and I,
 Beyond the sky,
A heart with whose love we are all blest,
His robe our garb so oft caressed—
His care—to us unending rest.
 Beyond the sky.



A LAST GOOD-BYE.

“Good-bye!” Let not the echoes sound,
The sad and last refrain,
But hush the voice of nature ’round,
And let the silence reign.



We'll hail returning Cupid's dream!
For though we hope to meet again,
If not on earth, on high,
You'll not be “sweet-heart,” only “friend,”
For now we say, “Good-by.”

“Good-by!” How sad that love’s sweet dream,
Should leave us thus in tears,
With mem’ries which we know will seem,
More dear with passing years.
O Fate! Can we your edict spurn?
Can souls your sceptre buy?
Can not the by-gone joys return,
Or must we say, “Good-bye?”

“Good-bye!” I see a holy gleam,
Which your regrets proclaim—
We’ll hail returning Cupid’s dream,
And lovers true remain.
Bright grows the night and love light shines,
A power Fate cannot buy.
We’ll worship at affection’s shrines,
And never say, “Good-bye!”



MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

The ivy green sleeps on the roof,
The rafters shapeless lay,
Upon the floor where in my youth,
My feet were wont to play.

The worm crawls neath the sunken door,
The moss is on the stone,
The evergreen on high before,
Looks ghostly like alone.

The mould grows on the walls below,
A symbol of the tomb.
More sorrowful than mansions low,
Is this—my childhood's home.

One time with laughter loud and free,
Thy chambers rang in joy,
While songsters from the waving tree,
Sang praise without alloy.

Of friends who gathered, young and gay,
Around the spot loved well,
If they were only here to-day,
What stories they could tell.

Sad memories of youth, begone !
Let joyfulness remain,
'Tis sad for one to muse upon,
What ne'er can come again.

But turn you mind of many ways,
 Into a grander trend,
Let's glance into the coming days,
 When earthly joys shall end.

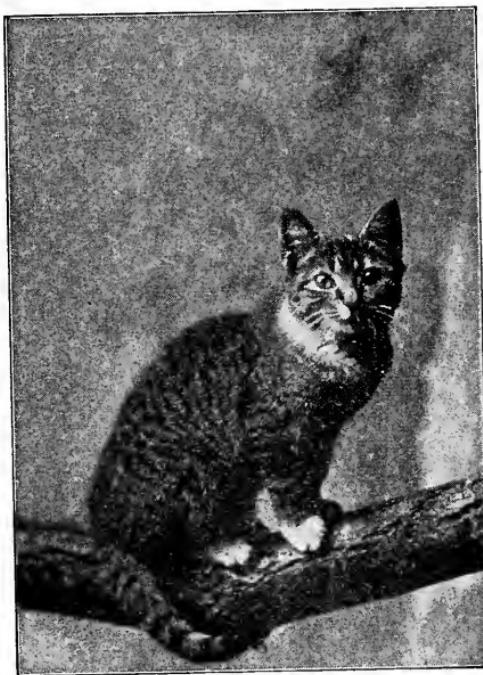
Where, though the present be of care,
 The past of grief and pain,
There lies a haven, worthy, fair,
 Unaltered to remain.

And there, when all this life is done,
 When hopes and mem'ries cease,
Though earthly homes be changing—gone,
 There we may rest in peace!



LINES ON THE DEATH OF A PET CAT.
—

How he purred beneath my chair,
How he mewed in plaintive air,



Poor Jim.

When disturbed from sleeping there,
 Poor Jim.

How he loved to be caressed,
Or in kindly tones addressed,
To be known was to be blest,
 With him, poor Jim!

How he sized each dainty meal,
Tearful lest a hand might steal,
What we gave—a mute appeal!—

Poor Jim.

How he shortened every day,
With some new and sportive play,
Seeming thus to bid us stay

With him, poor Jim!

How I miss you, loving pussy,
From where you lay snug and cozy,
Though the mice may now abuse me,

Poor Jim.

Yet sleep on in your poor bed,
Tender flowers shall bloom o'er head,
All things must in time lie dead,

With you, Poor Jim!



THE RAINDROPS.

Said one rain-drop to its brother,
As they fell from out the sky,
“Let us comfort one another,
For I fear we soon shall die.
How I wish there were no flowers,
Growing on the earth below.
What a cruel fate is ours,
Dying so that they may grow!”

And the other little rain-drop,
Answered with a smiling face,
“We may fall into a tree-top,
Or some other pretty place.
I am glad the flowers are growing,
And that we are drops of rain,
For we can be happy knowing,
That we have not lived in vain!”

We are like the drops of water,
Falling from the sky above ;
We can comfort one another,
With our words and acts of love,
God, I know would never send us,
Like the rain-drops from the sky,
Did He not for good intend us—
Helping others, you and I.



LITTLE FIND OUT.

Mamma's in the parlor,
Sleepin' on the bed,
Said I musn't wake her—
Noises hurts her head.



Tabby's on my arm.

Papa's gone to town too,
Jes' has gone, about,
Nothin' here I can do—
Little Find Out.

Dolly's in her cradle,
 Tabby's on my arm,
 Charley's in his stable,
 Covered up an' warm.
 Blacks is in the corner,
 Piggy's hurt his snout,
 What's to do, I wonder?
 Little Find Out!

Cookies in the pantry,
 Pies upon the shelf,
 Chair there in the entry,
 Guess I'll help myself.
 Mamina said I musn't,
 Wish I's big an' stout,
 Wish—I wish I wusn't
 Little Find Out.

Wish it wuzn't rainin',
 Wish I wuz in bed,
 Had a quilt er sompin'
 Piller fer my hed.
 Wish I wuz a woman,
 I'm asleep about.
 Guess—that—mamma's—comin',
 Little Find Out.



LOST HOPE.

Out through the window long I gaze in vain ;
Out in the darkness of the night and rain.

O Hope ! Sweet Hope !
All thy charms have fled,
Kind Hope ! My Hope !
All thy joys are dead.

Send me some solace on thy soothing breath,
Give me some comfort in my living death,
Blot out the picture of my sinful past,
Hear ! Hear the accents of my heart's request.

Give me, O give
Back my youthful days !
Hear me ! O hear me !
'Tis my soul that prays.

Back from the darkness peers a woeful face,
Grief's somber outlines on its form I trace.

O Hope ! Sweet Hope !
There thy joys I find.
A balm, kind Hope,
For my weary mind.

There is the comfort for my maddened brain,
There is the solace I have sought in vain.

Though tear-stained, woeful—from the darkness there,
This way it gazes ! Toward the hearth's bright glare !

Give me, O give me,
Strength to trust in you !
Hear me ! O hear me,
Sing my thanks so true !

Heed not the darkness and the dreary night,
Turn back your vision to the cheerful light.

O Hope! Sweet Hope,
 Cheers a weary heart.
Kind Hope, my Hope,
 Rives grief's chains apart.

Gives me a solace for my sinful past,
Leads me to Heaven and my God at last.
Flies with me back to far off land of youth,
Cheers up my heart with innocence and truth.

Give me! O give me,
 Hope's sweet, kindly smile.
From thee; for from thee
 Joy comes after while.



LOOKING AT ME.

The maid of the moon is looking at me.

Smiling at me! Laughing at me!

I wonder what curious things she can see,

That she smiles, that she laughs while she's looking at me,



While she is looking at me.

For I am but a dot in the distance below,

To the maid of the moon as she looks at me, so,

It is not at my greatness she's laughing, I know,

While she is looking at me.

The maid of the moon is looking at me—
Smiling at me! Laughing at me!
'Tis not at my goodness she's laughing so queer,
Far too small to be seen is my goodness, I fear,
And it's test in my actions; in kindnesses shown,
Are too feeble and scattered to gleam all alone,
It is not at my goodness she's laughing, I own,
While she is looking at me.

The maid of the moon is looking at me!
Smiling at me!! Laughing at me!!
I wonder the reason—O what does she see?
For I am but a dot, all my goodness and me.
*But my sins! They are many and blaek as the night,
All around me they hover and great is their might!
And the maid of the moon sees my pitiful plight,
While she is looking at me!*



THE PIONEERS OF LA GRANGE.

I sing a song of silver hairs, of feeble steps and slow,
Of minds that glory in the joys and smiles of long ago.
Of willing feet and helping hands, tho' palsied with their
age,

And modest of the markings they have left on memry's
page.

I sing of eyes which saw the light of many faded years,
Which twinkled in their ecstacy, which o'er-ran with their
tears;

Of kindly thoughts and loving hearts that time can not
estrangle,

We love them for their worthiness—the pi'neers of
La Grange.

I sing a song of sorrow and of gladness intertwined,
Of dimming trials and smiles which the days have left
behind,

Of cabins in the wilderness, of fishes in the stream,
Of moss upon its shady banks, of nature's soothing
dream,

Of youthful joys and hopeful times now vanished and
forlorn,

Of suns that shone in splendor in the glory of the morn,
Of blasted hopes and withered joys which with the world
must change,

Yet lingers in the mem'ries of the pi'neers of LaGrange.

I sing a song of happiness, of glory and of worth,

Of homes and kindred which are marked among the joys
of earth,
Of plenty and of purity, prosperity and prime,
Of sheaves of gold left standing by the swinging scythe
of Time,
Of goodness, greatness, honor, which above the fallen
shines,
Of coming days and destines to worship at their shrines,
Of perfectness and worthiness within their mystic range,
And those we have to thank for it; the pi'neers of
La Grange.

I sing a song of thankfulness to them for duty done.
I give my hand in friendliness for honors they have won.
Their monuments so cold and lone with blessedness is
warmed,
The clay of other days beneath is into being charmed.
I laud their silver hairs which gleam with frosts of long
ago,
The palsied hand, the feeble step—within my heart they
glow.
All hail their memory so sweet! Let God the notes
arrange,
That we may sing our praises to the pi'neers of LaGrange.



FOR THEE, MY LOVE, FOR THEE.
—

What task, though great, wouldst I not do,
For thee, my love, for thee;
To prove my heart is ever true,
To thee, my love, to thee?



Thy love, which lights my way.

What mountain wouldst I fear to climb.
Or grief to carry through all time,
Or foe to meet in any clime,
For thee, my love, for thee?

Behold the castles I have raised,
For thee, my love, for thee!

The fame I've won the world has praised
 To thee, my love, to thee.
Yet knowest thou they fadest 'way,
As fades the firmament at day,
But for thy love, which lights my way,
 For thee, my love, for thee.
I live and fight Life's battles o'er,
 For thee, my love, for thee.
To dizzy heights I strive to soar,
 For thee, my love, for thee.
And if perchance I lowly fall,
With joy my labors I'll recall;
For thy fond love I've ventured all—
 For thee, my love, for thee!



LAUGH A LITTLE.

Laugh a little! Laugh a little!
 Drive away your tears,
With a smile, a little laughter
 Will dispel your fears.
Fate may err and wrongly guide you,
More successful ones deride you,
Worry not if cares betide you,
 Laugh a little, friend.

Laugh a little! Laugh a little!
 Of what use are tears,
When a smile, a little laughter,
 Charms the passing years?
Every one has care and sorrow,
These are things you should not borrow,
Laugh for joy may come to-morrow.
 Laugh a little, friend.

Laugh a little! Laugh a little!
 It will give you hope.
Laugh a little, it will give you
 Strength with cares to cope.
If you're troubled you'll forget it,
Sadness—you'll not know you met it;
Laughter cures if you will let it,
 Laugh a little, friend.

Laugh a little! Laugh a little!
 All along the way.
Nothing like a little laughter,
 Charms despair away.
Life is too short to be crying,
Joys too many to be sighing,
Health too precious to be dying.
 Laugh a little, friend.





Ez ef I wuz a toddler away back there again.

MOTHER'S KITCHEN.

Out there in mother's kitchen! I kin see it now ez plain,
Ez ef I wuz a toddler away back there again,
An' watched the fire burnin' bright er clumb up on a chair,
'Long side the shelves an' saw the cakes an' cookies hidin'
there,
Er peeked in through the big stove door and saw the pies
an' cake,
I uso like to eat so well—"like mother uso bake,"

Out there in mother's kitchen, take it of a rainy day,
When 'twas too wet and muddy fer to go out doors to
play,

O how we youngsters usto like to be there 'long with her,
With pies to make an' cakes to bake an' puddin' stuffs
to stir.

A thimble fer a cookie cutter, pie tins fer our pans,
We'd bake an' mix until we got the dough all on our
hands.

Out there in mother's kitchen ! Wish I wuz a youngster
now,

Cut down to fit them little pies I usto bake, some how,
An' had to climb upon a chair to see 'em on the shelf,
Ez nice er nicer than the big one mother made herself.
I wish—I wish I could go out an' look into the stove,
An' love the things a bakin' there with jes' a youngster's
love.

Out there in mother's kitchen ! Ef I could go back some
how,

I wouldn't find her out there bakin' pies an' cookies now,
She couldn't show me how to mix er roll the pie dough
out,

An' that's the thing it seems to me I care the most about.
An' thinkin' on it that-a-way, I don't believe I'd care,
To go back there to mother's kitchen *since she isn't there.*

WHEN IT COMES TO YOU AT HOME.

You may mourn beside the coffin of a neighbor or a friend,

You may drop your tears of sorrow by their grave,
You may think your heart is saddened when your sobs of anguish blend,

With those who mourn when none but God can save.
These are tears of tender feeling and the sadness that you feel,

Is hallowed by the secret of the tomb,
But the grief which tries the spirit and the anguish which is real,

Is sorrow when it comes to you at home !

We may read of many millions who have died in foreign lands,

And never find a terror in the thought,
We may hear of friends of childhood who now trod the golden strands,

And with tears recall their faces long forgot.
We may fancy all the horrors of the outcast's lonely way,

And pity those who far from kindred roam,
But their's are only passing griefs which time will wear away,

Not sorrow when it comes to you at home.

You may say all men are brothers with a sympathizing heart,

And joined together with a tie of love,

But distance and their ranks in life will rive the chains apart,

Though it be forged by master hands above ;
There are no tears of sadness and no turmoil of the soul,
No achings of the heart-chords that can come,
To blight the charm of living and the bright eternal goal,
Like sorrow when it comes to you at home.

Home ! The grandest princely palace that the mind of man can plan !

The ties which bind its loved ones are the best,
Here the heart-chords chime together and their music keeps in tune,

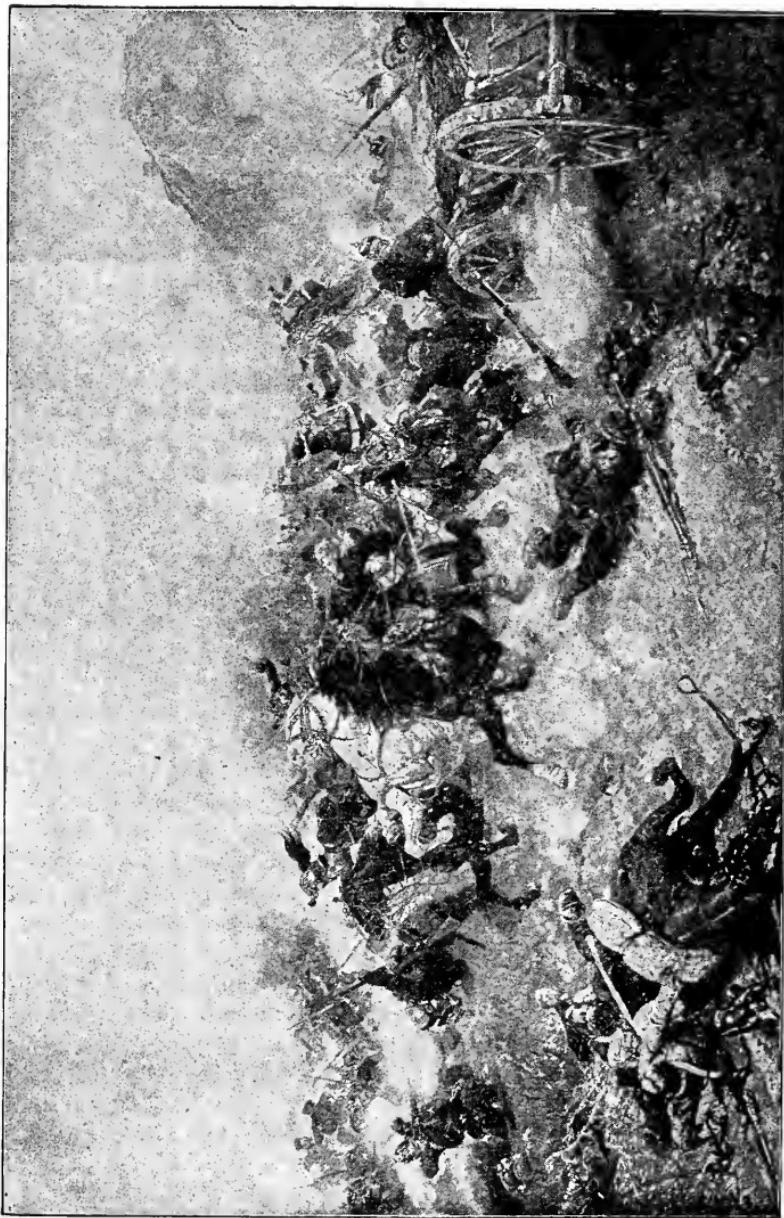
With heav'ly bands which sing eternal rest.
O the world may love as brothers but the guiding spirit here,

Is purer than the whitest drifting foam,
As it mounts a wave of ocean—you can find it in the tear

Of sorrow when it comes around home.



But sweeter sounds the name of "Boys in Blue"



SLEEP, HEROES, SLEEP.

Sleep, heroes, sleep ! While o'er thy hallowed graves,
The symbol of thy cause, "Old Glory," waves ;
While o'er thy forms of dust fair blossoms lie,
As symbols of their souls with God on high,
Nor wake to hear the volley to thy name,
Nor yet the glory thine our songs proclaim,
But restful in War's angel's arms sleep on—
Sleep, heroes, sleep ; thy days of strife are gone.

The earth is robed in Summer's rich array
Of flowers and grasses fair, while far away,
The arc of Heaven bends in peaceful skies,
As omen of an "Age of Paradise."
No more the bugle calls the patriot,
The thunder of the cannon wakes you not,
The tramp of thousands swells our hearts no more,
The angel Peace stands guard from shore to shore,
While Freedom chants a hymn of victory—
Sleep, heroes, sleep ! We owe it all to thee !

Though many sounds of reason's changing play,
Must need's be spanned to greet thy holy day,
Undimmed it stands, a monument of trust,
Which years by millions cannot sway or rust.
Antietam, Gettysburg, or Malvern Hill,
Or Mission Ridge—we love thy glory still !
Columbia yet holds thy memory true,
All honor to the valor, "boys in blue!"
The Eagle soars o'er mountain, vale and sea,
Sleep, heroes, sleep ! it watches over thee.

These garlands, holy symbols decked with tears,
From mothers, feeble, faint with saddened years,
From widows, mourning yet the well known face,
Some marked with Cupid's arrow's tender trace,
From sisters mindful of a loving hand,
From comrades with one foot upon the strand ;
All these with prayers and tears and sobs once more,
Now waft their essence sweet to yon bright shore,
Where souls await from mortal bondage free,—
Sleep, heroes, sleep ! Our hearts are all with thee.

And while we gather here thy joys to claim,
To sing our heart-felt praises to thy name,
Will not forget the missing, laid to rest,
In sunny Southern climes, from East and West,
The martyrs of their country, brave and true,
Afar from kindred called by Death's tatoo ;
Their glory still re-echoes clear and free,
In loyal hearts from Maine to Tennessee,
And ever as the ages come and go,
Sleep, heroes, sleep !—thy fame shall brighter grow.

Balaklava's charge may swell the distant skies,
Napoleon's St. Helena dew the eyes,
Horatius in his grandeur claim a sigh,
Crusader show us how for faith to die ;
But sweeter sounds the name of "boys in blue!"
Whose glory stands unrivaled, grand and true,
Who joined the sunny South and snowy North,
In one strong nation ; wrought a tie of worth !
Each country has a sad Getheemane,
Sleep, heroes, sleep ! Ours comes to weep for thee.

For thee, whose fame shall live for ever more,
Is stamped on battle fields from shore to shore !
Who won at Lookout Mountain's misty height?
Who cheered at Chattanooga's bloody fight ?
Who gained the day and set the banner free,
O'er "Dixie" land, from Vicksburg to the sea ?
The eagle screams his answer from on high !
The vet'ran proudly speaks with dimming eye !
The world in answer lauds thy natal sky !
Sleep, heroes, sleep ! Thy deeds shall never die.

Sleep, heroes, sleep ! For in thy sacred dust,
Lies all the nation's glory—holy trust !
Sleep on in peace 'till Time shall cease to sway,
And God proclaims the soul's eternal day,
While o'er thy graves, betimes, shall bloom the rose
And lily, charming thee to sweet repose ;
While in our hearts thy glory still lives on—
Sleep, heroes, sleep ! Thy day of strife is gone.



A CHIME OF DEATH.

She is sleeping in the "City of the Dead,"
Where millions to their rest have gone before,



To simply know a soul so fair.

Unheeded were the heart-felt tears we shed,
To call her back from the eternal shore.

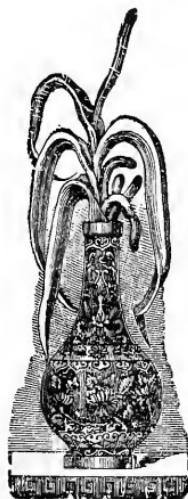
She is happy in the new home she has found,
For on her face we marked the smile that played,
O hallowed is the dainty flow'r strewn mound,
The grave within whose portals she was laid.

She is absent from our fireside at home,
Yet in our memory she still lives on,
And ever through the future years 'twill come,
A sacred joy our hopes to rest upon.

She is waiting for us in the land of light,
Some day we'll meet her as we knew her here.
O sweet will be the greeting and so bright,
The joy of living with her ever near.

She is worthy of a heart-felt, parting sigh,
Yet hush! my heart, 'tis not to part for e'er,
It is not all of life to live and die,
Nor yet to simply know a soul so fair.

There is a reign of Life in other climes,
Where Time shall never end his holy sway,
Where angels wait to sing their sweetest chimes,
And life eternal charms all grief away.



GETTING MORE LIKE YOUR MA EVERY DAY.

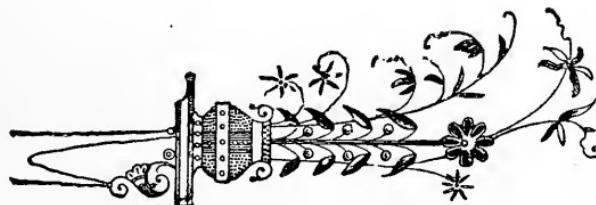
I will soon be a great, big girl now,
Mamma tells me she hopes that I won't,
Says she wished I'd stay little, some how,
'Cause I can't have a beau if I don't,
But I guess it's all right to have beaux,
Sister Susan has one every night!
I asked Pa an' he said "I suppose,"
Then he laughed out with all of his might,
"Getting more like your Ma every day," he said,
"Getting more like your Ma every day.
She's a Johnson clear through, and she's learned it to you;
Getting more like your Ma every day!"

I can make little cookies and pies,
And last Monday I baked Pa a cake.
When he ate it he shut up his eyes,
And just one bite was all he would take,
And he told Ma his coffee was hot,
And he'd like a cold drink right away,
And he got up and spit it all out,
Then he laughed hard and I heard him say,
"Getting more like your Ma every day," he said,
"Getting more like your Ma every day.
She's a Johnson clear through, and she's learned it to you,
Getting more like your Ma every day!"

And one day I was teasing the cat,
And I slapped her to make her sit up,
Then my Pa said I musn't do that,

That he'd whip if I didn't let up.
And I said, "No you won't," and he did.
And I cried then and let the cat go.
And he said, "You're the awfullest kid.
How to make you be good, I don't know.
Getting more like your Ma every day," he said,
"Getting more like your Ma every day.
She's a Johnson clear through, and she's learned it to you;
Getting more like your Ma every day!"

I have got a new hat now to wear,
When I go to the church or down town,
Made of velvet with bows here and there,
And a feather that flaps up and down.
Mamma got it for me at the store,
And I showed it to Pa and he said,
"Yes, your Ma's gone in debt there some more!
You'll look nice with that thing on your head!
Getting more like your Ma every day," he said,
"Getting more like your Ma every day.
She's a Johnson clear through, and she's learned it to you.
Getting more like your Ma every day!"



MY FIDDLE.

Usto hev a violin—
Some folks call 'em fiddles,
Had all sorts of music in ;



Usto hev a violin.

Polka's, Yanka-diddles,
Waltzes, two-steps an' quadrilles,
Quick-steps, airs an' marches ;
Jes' the kind thet allus fills
Up yer inner arches.

Sundays I would tune her up,
 Put on lots o' rosem,
 Lean back there npon the stoop,
 Fetch the bow across 'em !
 Regular ol' fashioned strings ;
 Nary screech about 'em ;
 Touch one, gits right up an' sings,
 Ain't so sweet without 'em.

Usto hev a violin,
 Long time since I seen it.
 Chist I usto keek 'er in,
 Hain't got nothin' in it !
 Set down here an' cried all day,
 When I couldn't find it.
 I'm too old to play, they say,
 I can't help but mind it.

Usto set an' saw an' saw,
 Days o' rainy weather,
 "Highlan' Fling," er "Arkansaw ;"
 One ez good ez t'other.
 Wish I had 'er back agin,
 Better'n any other ;
 Best rigged up ol' violin,
 Ever put together !



MY BOHEMIAN FRIEND.

What care I though the Fates proclaim,
No room for me in realms of fame,
 Nor sweeter solace send,
In needed recompense for toil,
Then happiness they can not foil,
 Which comes from my old friend?

Though dark its face and plain its dress,
Though dumb to praise or fond caress,
 Still in its form I see,
A solace all my moods to cheer,
Fond memories I oft' revere—
 A time tried friend to me.

Though but a corn-cob pipe it be,
'Tis dearer than a crown to me,
 For in the clouds which rise,
Fond hopes of future greatness, mine,
Bright colored by a hand divine,
 Oft' greets my weary eyes.

Bohemian! I love you still!
Let Glory shun me if she will,
 I'll love you to the end.
In sweet content I'll share my joys,
Though soiled with Poverty's alloys,
 With this, my humble friend.

FIRST LOVE.

The first note of the blue bird's Springtime song,
Is sweetest to the heart which waits its tone;



First love, to me, is sweetest and most blest.

Unmarred by practiced art which comes 'ere long,
To tune his lay when days have longer grown,
And 'mid the blush of Summer nor alone,

He warbles softly praise of what he sees
In nature, in his master melodies!

The first sweet prayer sent up from mother's knee,
Unrivaled stands in status of true worth,
Re-echoes through the soul's eternity,
E'en joins with loving ties the ends of earth.
So give me the first test of Cupid's birth ;
First love, to me, is sweetest and most blest ;
With such prize won I am content to rest.



WHEN GOD FORGETS.

'Till God heeds not the soul's request,
And answers not his prayer,
Nor opens His strong arms to rest,
The weary wand'rer there;
'Till God forgets the righteous ones,
Who heed His loving voice,
And join the band that Satan shuns—
'Till then I will rejoice.

O wond'rous light ! O holy way,
Which leads us to the sky !
O God's sweet love—unending day,
Whose joy shall never die !
Unfurl the banner of the Lord,
And let its colors sway,
Our hearts, our acts, our every word,
Forever and for aye !

While I have got a spark of hope,
From His almighty throne ;
The guidance of His boundless scope,
His love to lead me on,
No sin my trust in Him can turn,
Nor tempt me far estray,
False Satan and his hosts I spurn,
Nor give my soul away.

SAM.

Ef you had jes' seen him go down the street,
A swingin' his hands an' a stompin' his feet,



An' play ever' day in the blossoms an' leaves.

Er standin' 'round corners a twistin' his hat,
A stare'n around at first this an' that ;
It wouldn't hev tuck you no time to tell,
Thet Sam didn't hev any brains to sell.

Looked sorto kaflumixed an' knocked clean out
Of hisself an' the world too, nigh about.
No harm in him noways but listen, man,

—
It wouldn't be safe, ef you laid yer han'
On him in fun, fer to stay in town—
You'd be sent up where you wouldn't go down !

Must like him? I reckon you've struck her right!
You can't find the time nary day er night,
Thet couldn't scare up a crowd o' men,
Who would stand by Sam through thick an' thin.
You don't jes' see? Ef you'll set down there,
I'll tell you the reason jes' fair an' square.

You see thet ol' house with the p'inted eaves,
Jes' back o' the tree with the yeller leaves?
Well, that is whut's called Widder Jenkin's place,
She's Sam's ol' mother—a kindlier face,
An' willin'er hands fer a helpin' the pore,
Ain't found on this side o' the river shore!

Now look t'other way. Do you see thet brick
Dwellin' house thet stands down by the crick?
'Squire Rowan's, thet is—must a heerd o' him,
There ain't a kind hearteder man than Jim!
An' a purtier gal, them 'at's traveled say
Than his Lucy ain't found 'round ever' day.

An' it isn't so queer, when you stop to think,
Thet the youngsters wuz friends—would allus drink
Together down there at the river spring,
An' walk 'round together in Summér an' sing,
Er build their play houses out under the trees,
An' play ever' day in the blossoms an' leaves.

Then when they grew bigger an' went to school,
One cried ef the other one broke a rule,

An' laughed 'round together when one wuz glad,
An' shared with each other the cake they had,
Tell they liked one another the best of all,
Though she wuz so little an' Sam so tall.

One night—I kin see it all now ez plain,
Ez ef she hed jes' clumb around again,—
Wuz a sleepin' away when I heerd the bells
A ringin' an' tollin' an' then the yells,
An' I dressed an' piked right out fer town,
An' found '*Squire's house wuz a burnin' down!*'

With ever' one there goin' on like mad,
An' a tryin' to get out the things they had,
But the smoke wuz a comin' out winders an' doors,
An' the fire a blazin' from ceiling an' floors,
Tell they had to give up with a part of 'em out,
Fer the walls an' the roof wuz a fallin', about.

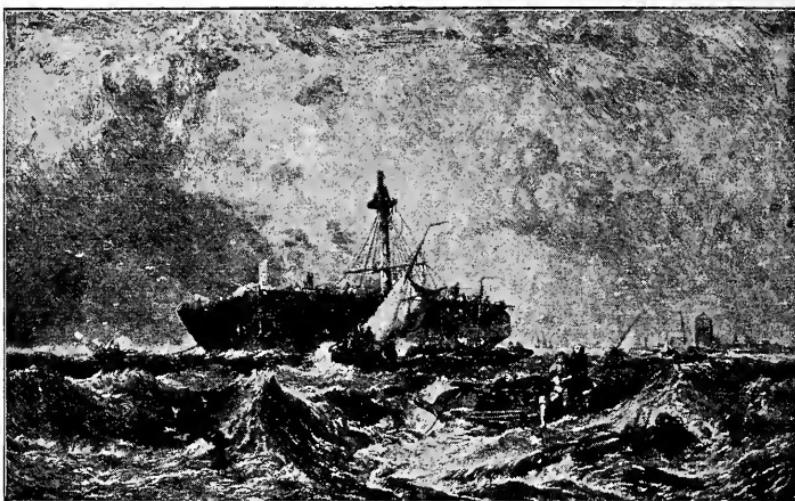
When all at once somebody give a shout—
“ *Where's LUCY? My God, 'Squire, ain't she out?*”
“ No! MY GIRL!” he cried out, but they held him away
From the door, fer the walls wuz beginning to sway,
An' then at a winder, too skeered to drop,
Stood Lucy! Her hands shut a prayin’—*stop!*

Whut mad man wuz that who had sprung away,
To the door of thet hot blazin' oven? SAY!
But no matter. We watched an' we prayed an' cried,
To our God fer the friends who were shut inside,
Fer maybe a minute er maybe a day,
Fer somehow I can't jes' exactly say.

Untell out from a winder he leaped an' fell,
Holdin' up the sweet gal thet he loved so well,
There wuz twenty kind hands carried them away,
An' Sam's never been quite hisself since. Say,
Jes' pardon me, stranger, I don't see how,
I kin keep my ol' eyes from a leakin' some now.

Thet's all o' my story you'd care to know,
'Ceptin' Lucy wuz buried a year ago.
An' there goes Sam now down by Wiggenzes store.
Sorto sad like an' odd like an' trembly an' pore;
Ef you want to hang up on some hick'ry limb,
W'y you'd better go down there an' make fun o' him !





Adrift upon a wide and angry sea.

A MAN WITHOUT A HOME.

Like vessel stript of rudder, mast and sail,
Adrift upon a wide and angry sea,
The sport of rolling wave and passing gale,
A man without a home must ever be!
Though free to follow where his will may lead,
Strange sights to see, o'er distant lands to roam,
With none to mock his passion or his creed,
These joys are naught compared to those of home.

Though rich or poor its treasures are the same ;
A loving mate to greet at close of day,
An angel fair to lisp its parent's name,
A cheerful hearth to drive all care away,

A comfort proof against the jeers of scorn,
Unending love which rules what e'er may come,
A hope renewed with which to greet each morn.
All these and more are found in every home.

When Fate is kind and fortune leads the way,
Life then to lonely hearts some joy may bring ;
But there are times when false friends turn away,
When Hope is dead and grim Despair is king.
Ah ! Then's the time to measure life with life,
The home with none, the fickle friend with true,
To prize a cunning babe or loving wife,
To count the comforts home can bring to you.

A sacred spot which you can call your own,
Within whose bounds your joys none dare refute,
'Tis dearer far than palace grand or throne,
The gift of those who can your rights dispute.
A ship unanchored, keeps no harbor long,
So man unbound by ties of love and home,
Is ever changing as each mood grows strong ;
As ship unguided o'er life's seas he'll roam.

O home ! Sweet home ! The paradise of earth,
Where Hope wins every battle with Despair,
Where Slav'ry ends and Freedom has its birth—
I pity those who have not rested there !
Like vessel stript of rudder, mast and sail,
Adrift upon a wide and angry sea ;
The sport of rolling wave and passing gale,
A man without a home must ever be !

DOWN AT THE CLUB WITH THE BOYS.

O the sweetest of wives in the world to me,
Was my Nellie so kind and true,
And the happiest two in the town were we,
'Til I fancied her heart untrue,
Then we quarreled and I told her with passion mad,
That she never should see me no more,
And I left her, the dearest of friends I had,
In a swoon on the parlor floor.
Yes, I knew I was wrong, but my heart was proud,
Soon my sorrows were changed to joys,
Forgotten my wife in the jolly crowd—
I was down at the club with the boys.

Down at the club with the boys !
Down at the club with the boys,
The wine glasses clinking,
And every one drinking—
Down at the club with the boys,
Down at the club with the boys,
Drowned all my sorrows in joys
Of laughter and song,
The whole night long,
Down at the club with the boys.

But when in the morning I reached my door,
In a sorrowful mood was I,
As I thought of my vow of the night before,
Of our parting without good-bye.

And with memories dear of my wife so sweet,
Fast dimming my eyes with tears,
I hastened, forgiveness to ask at her feet,
For my words and my jealous fears,
But there on the floor lay my darling wife—
All unheeded my prayers and cries.
She had proved that her love ended only with life.
~~I was~~ down at the club with the boys!

Down at the club with the boys!
Down at the club with the boys,
The wine glasses clinking,
And every one drinking—
Down at the club with the boys.
Down at the club with the boys,
Drowned all my sorrows in joys
Of laughter and song,
The whole night long,
Down at the club with the boys.



ADDRESS TO HOPE.

Fair goddess Hope, sweet comfortess of hearts,
Within whose fond embrace all fear departs,



A foe to grief, a rival to Despair,
To Love a friend more dear than Joy or Care,
The soul of Prayer, the heart of every Song,
The inner power which moves the world along ;
To you we come our thankfulness to sing,

Unto your altar sacrifice to bring.
For all we've done, for all we yet may do,
The greatest praise, dear Hope, belongs to you.
In life's fair morning, Man and Womanhood
You showed as goals worth winning ; wise and good,
When these dim heights we had attained ; 'twas Fame,
And Wealth you bade us strive to find and claim,
And now, when Life's brief reign is nearly o'er,
You point afar to Heaven's holy shore,
And give us Faith lest even yet we fall,
And lose this last, this sweetest joy of all. . .
E'en thus your hand has led us all these days,
So now we sing to you in humble praise,
And this our song, "No treasure can we find,
Within the attributes of mortal mind,
Than you, more kind, more faithful or more fair,
More quick to conquer Sorrow or Despair.
So in our hearts we crown you queen of all !
Guard well our gift, let not its jewels fall,
For Mirth and Mem'ry, even Grief and Care,
Have each their charms—some more than passing fair.
Long life to you, we pray, with strength to cope
Successfully with foes of joy. Sweet Hope!"



FACES I SEE IN MY DREAMS.

They come to my cot in the silence of night,
When Sleep holds his magical sway,
And brighten my dreams with a wonderous light,
That's brighter by far than the day.
From memory's mystical, far-away land,
The banks of its musical stream,
The bowers of its wood-lands, its palaces grand,
Come the faces I see in my dreams.

Some faded and wrinkled and saddened with care,
With eyes that are dim with the years,
And white as the snow are the strands of their hair,
And furrowed their temples with tears.

They watch o'er my slumbers the same as in days,
When first I saw life's morning beams,
And knew the same smile which now tenderly plays,
O'er the faces I see in my dreams.

Some youthful and rosy with innocent eyes,
And soft silken tresses of gold,
With lips which are sweet as the nectar that lies,
In the cup which the white lilies hold.
So sweetly they smile and their faces so fair,
Seem brightened with love's holy gleams ;
My heart is aglow with a radiance rare,
From the faces I see in my dreams.

I love them, for sweet is the joy they bring,
And hallowed the light that they shed,
Like links which are part of the magical ring,
Which unites all the living and dead.
I love them—these faces from memory's clime,
The banks of its musical streams ;
Fair visions from infancy's fast fading time,
Are the faces I see in my dreams,

LIGHTNING HILL.
—

The fallin' of the snow,
An' bells a ringin' clear,



Down ol' Lightning Hill.

Bring from the long ago,
The mem'ry ever dear,
Of winter days when we
Could skate, er better still,
Slide, happy ez could be,
Down ol' Lightning Hill!

Ol' Lightning Hill ! I swan,
I hadn't thought of thet
Ol' place fer purt' nigh on
To twenty year an yet
Kin recollect it, wide
An' long, an' smooth, an' still,
Remember how we'd slide
Down ol' Lightning Hill.

Ol' school-mate, come, let's go,
Back there a spell an' see
The place we usto know
When we wuz young an' free,
An' count the joys thet hide
Around it—allus will !
Er take our sleds an' ride
Down ol' Lightning Hill.

Kin see it reachin' from
The crossin' to the stump
Of ellum thet we come
Up 'ginst some-times, k'bump.
An' sparklin' with the snow
An' tracks thet seem to fill
Our hearts like long ago.
Down ol' Lightning Hill !

Hev you fergotten yet,
How we would almost cry
To study er to set,
When school wuz purty nigh
The close at night, an' see

The sleds a waitin' still,
To carry you an' me
Down ol' Lightning Hill?

Er how, when school wuz out,
We'd grab the ropes an' run
Fer it, (fergit about
All other kinds of fun,)
How, when we reached the top,
We'd wrap the rope an' fill
The sled chuck full an' drop
Down ol' Lightning Hill?

Go slow at first an' then
When we got started some,
She'd go ez fast again—
Er faster. How she'd hum!
The air'd go whistlin' 'bout—
Heart git to jumpin' 'til
It seemed 'twas comin' out.
Down ol' Lightning Hill!

An' when we reached the stump
Er bottom, we could pick
Ourselves an' sled up, jump
To one side purty quick,
Then scramble up the track,
An' laughin' fit to kill,
Load up—go scootin' back
Down ol' Lightning Hill!

Er jes' pick out some girl
With rosy cheeks an' brown

Eyes an' a dainty curl,
An' ask ef she'll go down
With you, then plan to miss
The stump so close she will
Not know you stole a kiss.
Down ol' Lightning Hill.

Er when it's loaded tight
With boys all big an' stout,
Jes' pull with all yer might
An' stick one foot way out,
Take keer yer nose don't bump,
Er ears an' mouth don't fill
With snow, then hit the stump !
Down ol' Lightning Hill.

Ride down an' scamper up
An' go again 'til it
Is dark ; you feel a cup
Of bread an' milk would fit
Yer mouth jes' right, an' then
Pike out fer home until
It's time to slide again,
Down ol' Lightning Hill.

Dear Lightning Hill ! We love
You yet with all our heart.
We've found no joys above
Yours. Though we're far apart,
On mem'ry's pages wide,
We see your sweet face, still
Like when we used to slide
Down ol' Lightning Hill !



Many children who are now being
educated by signs, have sufficient
hearing to be taught with the
eariphone articulate speech
instead. Truly yours.
Paris, France R. S. Whodea
Dec 15 1880

FOR THE DEAF.

THE AUDIPHONE

An Instrument that Enables Deaf Persons to Hear Ordinary Conversation Readily through the Medium of the Teeth, and Many of those Born Deaf and Dumb to Hear and Learn to Speak.

INVENTED BY RICHARD S. RHODES, CHICAGO.

Medal Awarded at the World's Columbia Exposition, Chicago.

The Audiphone is a new instrument made of a peculiar composition, possessing the property of gathering the faintest sounds (somewhat similar to a telephone diaphragm), and conveying them to the auditory nerve, through the medium of the teeth. *The external ear has nothing whatever to do in hearing with this wonderful instrument.*

Thousands are in use by those who would not do without them for any consideration. It has enabled doctors and lawyers to resume practice, teachers to resume teaching, mothers to hear the voices of their children, thousands to hear their ministers, attend concerts and theatres, and engage in general conversation. Music is heard perfectly with it when without it, not a note could be distinguished. It is convenient to carry and to use. Ordinary conversation can be heard with ease. In most cases deafness is not detected.

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PRICE:

Conversational, small size	- - - - -	\$3.00
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Trial instrument, good and serviceable,	- - - - -	1.50

The Audiphone will be sent to any address, on receipt of price, by

**Rhodes & McClure Publishing Co.,
296 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

The "Hard-of-Hearing" Speechless Children in our Schools for the Deaf.

PAPER READ BY R. S. RHODES, OF CHI-
CAGO, AT THE FOURTEENTH CONVENTION OF
AMERICAN TEACHERS OF THE DEAF, AT
FLINT, MICHIGAN.

"IN what manner can we best serve the interests of those pupils in our institutions, who have a good degree of hearing?" I find this question asked in the reports of the superintendent of one of our large institutions, issued June 30, 1894. I also find in this report a statement that of "384 children whose hearing was accurately tested, 60 had a record of hearing varying in degrees up to ten per cent.; 35 a record varying between ten and twenty per cent.; 47 between twenty and thirty per cent.; 18 between thirty and forty per cent.; 7 between forty and fifty per cent.; and 16 of fifty per cent. and over"—in all, 183, or nearly fifty per cent. of all children tested, are not totally deaf, but are simply hard-of-hearing people.

In 1879, I visited many schools for the deaf in this country, and tested the hearing of many deaf children, and in 1880, I visited many institutions and schools in Europe, and have made accurate tests of the hearing of the deaf children wherever I have been; and I find that

THE AUDIPHONE.

forty per cent. of the children in the institutions and schools throughout the world possess ten per cent. and over of hearing, and are capable of being educated to speak through the sense of hearing with mechanical aid. This being the case, and this question being asked by the superintendents of several of our institutions, showing a willingness on the part of the superintendents of these institutions to utilize this hearing and teach aurally to speak, well, then, may this convention pause to consider this question, affecting the interests of half of the children in the institutions represented by you gentlemen present. And let me say that it not only affects the interests of those children in these schools at the present day, but will affect the interests of those in all time to come, not only in this country, but other countries throughout the world. Most of you have up to the present time ignored the fact that these children could hear, and have treated them as totally deaf children, and they have been graduated as such, and in most institutions in the world to-day are being graduated as such. Well, I say, may we consider "in what manner we can best serve the interests of those children who have a good degree of hearing," and well may this convention give much of its time to this important question, and let us answer wisely. God has bestowed upon half the children whose welfare is in your charge ten per cent. and over of nature's own means of learning to speak. This being known, shall we longer ignore the fact? We see adults on every hand, more deaf than many of the children in your schools, using

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.

mechanical aids to hearing, and enjoying the use of their own voices, and understanding others well. What they can do with mechanical aids, you can teach these children, with an equal degree of hearing, to do. Forty per cent. of the children in your schools hear better than I can. My degree of hearing in the left ear is about seven per cent., and nothing in the right, and I can hear with the audiphone, at conversational distances, almost perfectly, and can hear my own voice, when speaking against it, quite perfectly. You will allow that if the deaf can hear others and can hear themselves, there is no reason why they cannot be educated aurally, if they have mental capacity. No, there is no reason why they *cannot*, but there is a reason, and a potent reason, why they *are not*, and that reason lies with you, the teachers of the deaf. But you cannot be wholly blamed for this, because I allow that even with this instrument which I carry, you, with perfect hearing, find no improvement. But those with imperfect hearing will find great improvement. You hand the instrument to one who has never enjoyed the benefit of hearing, in learning articulation, and you find he answers you that he can hear but little, and you use his judgment and say that he cannot hear sufficiently with it to learn to speak, when you should know that they who have never learned to speak know nothing of the value of sound, and are perfectly ignorant as to how well they should hear to enable them to learn. You know you are succeeding in some degree in teaching them to speak when they hear nothing; if, then, they may by any means acquire simply the vowel sounds of our language, by hearing them, what a great advantage would **this be to them in learning to speak! And I assert that**

THE AUDIPHONE.

where a person enjoys one per cent. only of natural hearing, this instrument will improve his hearing to a degree that will enable him to acquire a knowledge aurally of the vowel sounds, and thus enable you to teach him to speak. Sixteen years ago when I visited the institutions in this country and Europe, for the purpose of urging that the hearing be appealed to, and carried with me this device, and selected classes that could hear, and freely presented this instrument for their use, every child was being instructed as though it were totally deaf, and in some instances I was told that a slight degree of hearing rendered a child more difficult to teach by "our" method. That may be very true, for some of these children possessed twenty or thirty or even fifty per cent. of hearing, and I should suppose that it would be natural for them in such cases to be at first inclined to listen, and it would be some trouble to overcome this inclination. As for me, I believe that ten per cent. of nature's means, ten per cent. of natural hearing power, is worth more in learning valuable speech than one hundred per cent. of substituted methods. I could teach to speak two languages to a bright student, with ten per cent. of hearing, before you could teach him to speak one with all methods ever used, without the hearing. Yes, ten per cent. of a sense that God has endowed us with is too valuable to throw away, and we have no right to ignore even one per cent., when we have a device which will improve it and make it valuable to us, as in this sense of hearing we certainly have. I am sure the audiphone will improve thirty per cent., and bring one per cent. within the scope of the human voice, and valuable speech may be taught. **With the audiphone one may speak to**

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.

■ dozen or two dozen, or three dozen, at one time; and the sounds that reach the listener with the audiphone, according to my judgment, are far more natural than those reaching the listener by any other instrument. Music itself is perfectly enjoyed with the audiphone, whereas, there is no other instrument that will reveal the harmonies of music in their perfection, and therefore, I say, it is the preferable instrument for teaching, but it is not the only instrument.

Each child carries an instrument of value, which I believe has never before been spoken of or used, and which I would like to explain to this convention. You may simply allow a deaf child to close his teeth firmly; this brings the upper jaw in tension, and when his teeth are firmly closed, he may speak and hear his own voice more distinctly. You will not hear him so well, but he will hear himself better, and he may study in this manner, with his teeth firmly pressed together, until he can acquire the knowledge of every sound in the English language, and one must be exceedingly deaf—I would say totally deaf—if he cannot hear himself speak with his teeth firmly closed together. Now, you gentlemen of perfect hearing may try this; you will find it gives you no results, but do not decide at once that what I have said is not true. Let those who are deaf try it, and they will find that they can hear. Thus, the deaf have some advantages; it requires a deaf person to hear through his teeth. This may be one reason why some teachers decide that the audiphone is not of value to the deaf, simply because they of perfect hearing cannot hear with it. With the double audiphone you speak between the discs, and you get back to yourself the double power

THE AUDIPHONE.

of your voice—that is, the deaf will get it back. One with perfect hearing will see no results, because the same result will be attained through the natural organ first, but one with defective hearing will receive the results. I would place the audiphone in the hands of each child with any degree of hearing remaining, and have him study his own voice at his seat, while speaking against it. He would have to study aloud, as it is *his* voice we wish to cultivate. It is more important that the child should hear himself speak than that it should hear others, and when the child comes to recite, its articulation of mispronounced words may be corrected. Very slow progress would be made if it was required to speak aloud only at recitations, and very hard work on the part of the teacher could be avoided by having the child study the sounds it produced at its seat, and while studying its lesson. I would advise that where many are being taught, the class should pass into a quiet recitation-room. It has been my experience in institutions I have visited that I have been able to teach classes of a dozen children to speak plainly thirty to one hundred words in two or three days, whether they have received previous instruction in articulation or not, and at this rate it would require but a very short time to give them a vocabulary that would be of practical value to them. I have, however, selected those possessing the most hearing, and that would be faster than the average could be taught; but all intelligent children, with five per cent. of hearing can be taught as valuable speech as I possess. My articulation may be defective, but I think you have been able to understand what I have said, and, poor as it is, I would not part with it for all the possessions any

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.

one of you may have. And here, gentlemen, you are depriving half of the children in the institutions that you teach of an articulation that might be as valuable to them as mine is to me, or as yours is to you.

I have known institutions where the teachers themselves have used this audiphone, and have taught children who could hear naturally better than themselves, and did not allow them to use it. By what line of reasoning they can justify this I do not know; or why they should deprive the innocent child of the blessings they appropriate to themselves. And these poor children, ignorant of the value of the slight degree of hearing God has conferred upon them, are sent to the schools for the deaf for instruction, and thousands are being sent forth from these institutions ignorant still of the great value the hearing they have would have been to them had it been utilized in teaching them to speak. Teachers, will you continue to do this? Will you continue to graduate this large class of hard-of-hearing children as children perfectly deaf? If you do, you commit a grievous offense and an offense which will not be forgotten or forgiven. You will deprive fifty per cent. of the afflicted children given to your care of valuable speech and an education to articulate sounds. You deprive them of the enjoyment of God's most valuable gifts, speech and hearing. You in a great measure deprive them of the means of making a livelihood. The hard-of-hearing, speaking person will succeed well in most callings. The responsibility for the present rests with you; in the future this will all be done. Are you prepared to say, "We will not do it; we will leave it to the future; we will continue in our old methods," or will you rise equal to the occa-

THE AUDIPHONE.

sion and deserve the blessings of future generations? As for me, I would rather be the inventor of this little device I hold in my hands, and the author of these few words I have addressed to you, knowing them to be true, and feel the satisfaction I feel in having devoted the past sixteen years of my life to this cause, than to be the inventor of any device that merely serves commercial purposes. Commerce may be benefited in a thousand ways, whereas an affliction may be alleviated in but few.

A Vote of Thanks.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention are due to Mr. R. S. Rhodes for his valuable paper.

Directions for Using the Audiphone, and for Teaching the Deaf to Speak.

SINCE no amount of use will improve the sense of hearing, it is essential that one learning to speak should improve it mechanically at once, and be provided at all times with a device for the improvement of this sense, and never fail to use it when there is a sound to be heard, as it is the perceptions of the deaf which will be improved by practice and not the sense of hearing; sounds conveyed must be distinct to enable them to do this readily.

Teaching to Hear.

I have noticed in the reports of several institutions, "Teaching to Hear." We hear with our sense; we perceive with our understanding. We cannot bestow a sense, but we may improve our understanding. We cannot teach a sense; we cannot teach to hear. But, hearing, we may teach to understand; we may teach through our senses. The sense of hearing existing, it may be appealed to to improve the mind or understanding. It may be improved mechanically to enable us the more readily to do this. But no amount of use will improve the sense of hearing or any other sense we possess. My own sense of hearing is about seven per cent. poorer now

THE AUDIPHONE.

than it was fifteen years ago, but my ability to understand is fifty per cent. greater, which shows that I have not taught myself to hear, or improved my sense of hearing by use, but that I have taught myself, through the sense of hearing, the better to understand.

Hearing Their Own Voice.—It is of the greatest importance that the deaf should hear their own voice, which they may do either by closing their teeth firmly and speaking, or by speaking against an audiphone properly adjusted against their teeth. They should then be encouraged to make sounds for themselves, to hear and to speak words as soon as possible, and to continue to do this. Children of perfect hearing are prattling most of the day while at play. We should try to have the deaf use their voices as much as hearing children, to enable them to learn to control it. To accomplish this they should be required to study aloud most of the day, either by speaking with their teeth closed, or with an audiphone adjusted to the teeth. The teacher will then have but little more labor than the teacher of hearing children, as she will be required only to correct their pronunciation. As soon as they have learned to read, they may read aloud with their teeth closed, or with the audiphone adjusted to their teeth, so as to reconvey to them the sound of their own voice. By requiring them to do this much of their time, they will soon acquire correct pronunciation with but little labor on the part of the teacher.

Those who have been taught to speak by the oral method may at once commence reading aloud in this way, and will very soon strengthen and improve their voices. This may be done in cases where they have but one per cent. of hearing only. Practice is the one thing essen-

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.

tial to success; the more they practice in this way, the sooner will they acquire a well-modulated voice.

Reading Aloud to Each Other.—As soon as practicable, they may read aloud to each other, the listeners, with the audiphone adjusted to their teeth, looking on a duplicate book; and they will be surprised to note how readily they will hear the words spoken when they see them in a duplicate book. It is well for the teacher or one having correct pronunciation to read to a class in this way.

Use the Eyes as Well as Ears.—Persons with perfect hearing do not look away from the speaker; neither should one of defective hearing. Do not try to have them distinguish sounds too soon by the ear alone, as would be the case if they looked away from the speaker, except from a duplicate book as above. It is time enough to do this when one is able to understand readily everything said by the use of both the eye and ear.

To all those who are classed as hard-of-hearing, yet who understand language when heard, the audiphone is an inestimable boon, and by them it is in use in every civilized country in the world. They can use it to advantage at once, because they understand at once what they hear, while the speechless deaf, though they hear, do not understand what the sounds that reach them mean. Those who are but slightly deaf will not receive as much benefit as those who are more deaf, but all who find trouble in understanding ordinary conversation, and who have some degree of hearing remaining, and who have natural upper teeth, or a very firmly fitting set of false upper teeth, may use it with comfort, both to

THE AUDIPHONE.

themselves and to those who would converse with them. The deaf will be surprised to note how much more people will have to say to them if they provide themselves with an audiphone, and render it easy for those who converse with them. It is a duty they owe quite as much to those who are obliged to talk with them as to themselves.

Instructions for Using the Audiphone.

To adjust the audiphone for use, draw down the silken cord until the audiphone is curved slightly, and then push up the small ring which is on the handle until it tightens on the cord, and fastens it in this curved position.

Holding it by the handle in this position, place its upper edge against one or more of the upper teeth. An "eye-tooth" is generally the best. Do not *press* it against the teeth, but let it rest lightly against them, else you will make your teeth sore, and you will hear better to hold it very loosely in your hand, and let it rest very gently against the teeth.

Some persons hear better with the audiphone but slightly curved, while others require it curved to a greater degree. Experiment with it in this matter for the best curved position until you get that curved position of the audiphone which gives you the greatest sound. In this respect the audiphone is adjusted to suit sound somewhat as an opera-glass is adjusted to suit distance.

Gentlemen may carry the audiphone conveniently by fixing the cord over the collar-button at the back of their neck and slipping it under their coat under their left arm, leaving the audiphone strained. In this way the weight of the coat will keep the instrument concealed, and they will find it very convenient to use.

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.

Ladies may carry the audiphone by throwing the cord over their neck, concealing it when wearing an over-garment, or they may carry it as they would a fan, for which it may be used when desired.

Persons who have been very deaf for many years, and who are accustomed, wholly or in part, to interpret sound by the movement of the lips of the party speaking, may not readily distinguish the words of the speaker when first using the audiphone, though the sound of these words will be heard. In all such cases a little practice will be required.

Persons having false teeth, if they fit firmly, can, notwithstanding, use the audiphone successfully.

Persons using such instruments as ear trumpets, which in all cases increase the deafness by concentrating an unnatural force and volume of sound upon the impaired organ, should at once lay aside all such devices on receiving the audiphone. Such persons, thus accustomed to the unnatural sound, through the ear trumpet, will require some practice to again familiarize themselves with the natural sound of the human voice which the audiphone always conveys.

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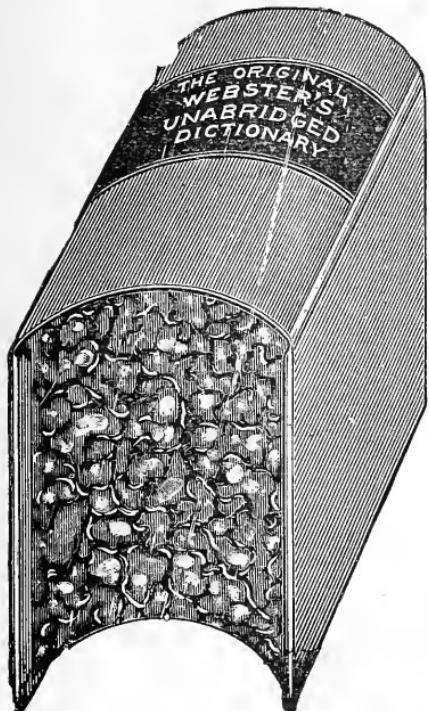
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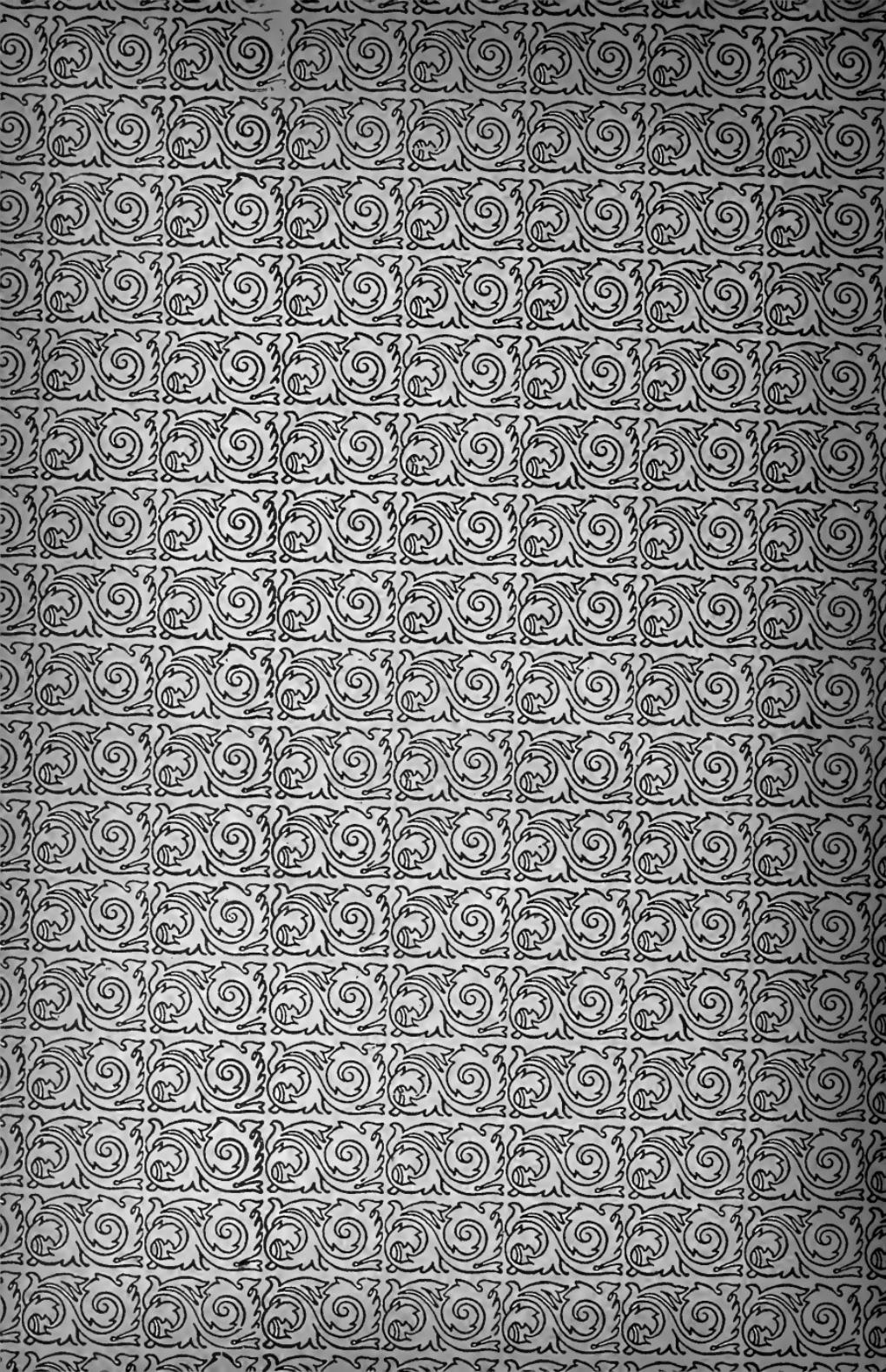
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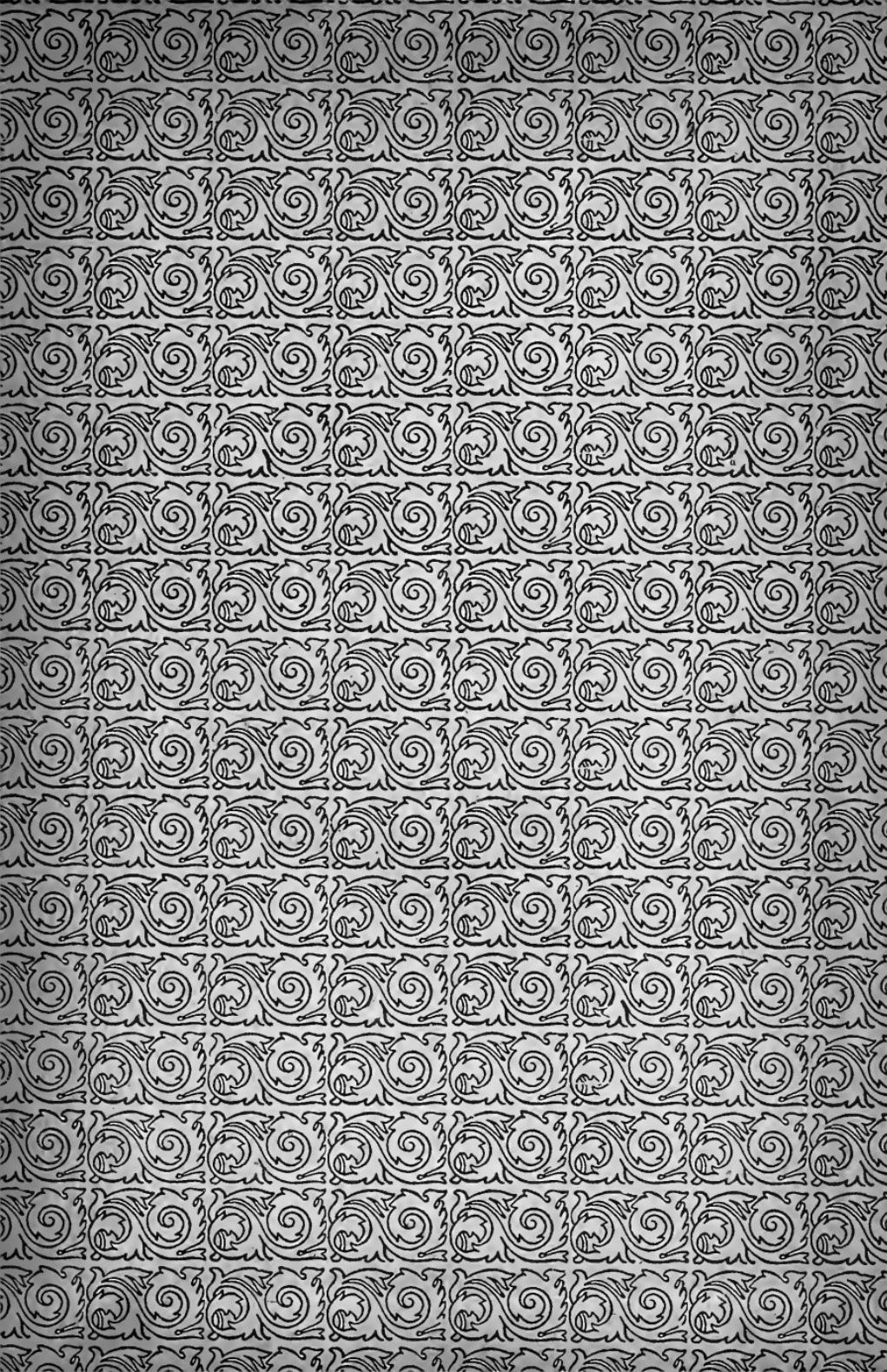
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